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LOVE'S REGENERATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You have known me long, and known me rough,
In my wild and wilful race,
A man who has taken oathe enough
To have them writ on his face.

But now this wretch who drank and swore
With the best of you all at sea,
And joined the broils of his mates on shore,
I cannot think it was me.

Not truly me, as to-day I am,
Love timing my pulses warm;
But when the ocean lays in a calm
We cannot think of the storm.

However it came about, I wear
On my tanned and brawny arm,
Some yellow floss of a maiden's hair
That clasps my life like a charm.

Keeping my evil thoughts at ebb,
Wherever I sail or row,
For she who wove the gossamer web
Is pure as a fleck of snow.

As pure as snow and angel fair,
And tender and bright her eyes,
The sunshine always lives in her hair,
And gloom in her clear smile dies.

With my rude speech and graceless bulk,
How could I her love have got—
I, like a battered, unwieldy hulk,
And she like a white-sailed yacht.

MARIE S. L.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER VI.

There is an old saying that "People meet once in every seven years." Can this be true? Experience has not done much towards proving it, and yet it shares in the *prestige* of many ancient sayings which people go on believing for old acquaintance sake, kindly turning a blind eye to their weak side.

Practically speaking, one can scarcely support the theory, yet, bring a little spiritualism to bear upon the subject and speculators may believe in its fulfillment. Who understands the mystery of spirit life? Who knows but that in sleep our spirits may wander away and visit those they wish to see, or even those they do not wish to see, but yet by the seven years' decree are compelled to visit, and so accomplish the theory of our forefathers. Possibly these forefathers had some vague inkling of mesmerism or magnetism: who can say?—an impression they could not define, yet could not shake off, and so they noted down as a fact what was merely a forcible idea in their minds.

There are few among us who do not indulge in some pet superstition, and it is rather pleasant to believe that in our dreams we hold communion with the spirits of those of whom we dream—that we and they, impelled by some irresistible attraction, meet, though miles apart, in the mysterious regions of dreamland.

In waking life we have a curious prescience of the proximity of people, which gave rise to another though not over polite apophthegm of our ancestors, and certainly it is strange to observe how a person we have suddenly thought of or spoken of will appear as if in answer to our thoughts and speech, or it may be that his approach has compelled us to acknowledge his proximity.

Even in the matter of letters crossing, it is an odd coincidence that two people separated by space and circumstances should think of each other at the same moment, and that some influence has been at work inspiring each with the desire of communicating with the other. Let who will set down these things to chance, but some may be even found to hold that there are stranger things in heaven and earth "than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

Wild nonsense all this, and folly to write it down, so many may say, and matter-of-fact people will dispose of these fancies in a summary manner; but, with all due deference to these rationalities, I hold that there is a halfway house between superstition and incredulity at which we have not yet arrived in our wanderings, but under whose roof we shall some day sit, and learn a spirit-science which is as yet undeveloped, and is struggling to get free from the weak absurdities, deceptions, and profanity that have cast their bonds around it.

But wherefore this digression? Did these thoughts occur to the two who so strangely met after years of separation?

For it chanced that Doris met with an old friend whom she had not seen for seven long years.

It was a lovely day in September, the leaves were beginning to turn yellow, and red, and crimson-streaked, and were falling, and there was a slight chill in the air as the sun sank lower, that told that the year was growing older and would soon begin to die away.

Joyce and Doris had rowed down to their favorite nook; hoping, as they had done several times since their eventful introduction, to meet with the Gresford Lynns. But Mrs. Lynn's white face was growing whiter and thinner, and she shivered if a breath of cold wind breathed upon her, and those around her knew that she was dying faster than the year, and that she would never see the snow-flakes spread a white pall over the withered flowers.

So it was doubtful whether she would ever come abroad into the fresh, open air again, and whether Joyce and Doris had not seen her for the last time.

Mrs. Lynn had grown very fond of Doris in these stolen meetings, she quite clung to her, and Mr. Lynn appeared to share in his wife's predilections.

However, no Gresford Lynns appeared, and Doris, somewhat disappointed, sat silent for awhile; then, suddenly starting up, she proposed going across one of the fields to look at a favorite view. So the field was crossed, and turning down a green lane the girls came to a stile.

Joyce was going to step over it, when to her astonishment Doris gave a great scream, and bounding past her, sprang over the stile and seized by both hands a gentleman who was quietly taking a sketch of the view they had come to see.

"Gabriel! Gabriel!"

The gentleman looked surprised for a moment, and then his face lighted up as he asked,

"Can it be my little Doris? How you have grown. I did not know you at first." And he held her hands tightly in his own, and gazed earnestly into her eyes.

"But I knew you, dear old Gabriel, the moment I caught sight of you. Where have you been? I thought I should never see you again."

And then they began to talk of what had happened since they last parted, and Joyce drew a little aside so as not to appear like an intruder.

She need not have troubled herself, for the two were so engrossed that they were not even aware of her presence. Gabriel had seated himself again, and Doris was half-sitting, half-kneeling at his feet, her hat had fallen off, and he was smoothing back her hair as if she had been a little child.

He did it unconsciously, and she did not seem to notice it, for her face was hidden in her hands, and she was crying.

At something he said to her she looked up, and then for the first time remembered that Joyce was with her. She was upon her feet in an instant.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I had forgotten. This is Gabriel Chester, Joyce; and, Gabriel, this is my new and very dear friend, Joyce Dormer. You must call her Joyce, and love her as much as I do."

And Joyce blushed, and felt hot and uncomfortable, and of course could think of nothing to say; but that was not remarkable, for how very few people ever *do* think of what to say at the right time.

But Mr. Chester quietly said,

"I suppose you are accustomed to Doris's rash suggestions, Miss Dormer?"

Miss Dormer! Then Joyce blushed again, and this time felt vexed as well as uncomfortable, though she could not make out why she should feel so. Doris was so precipitate and thoughtless, she was quite startled out of her usual self-possession; added to which, she had been indulging in a reverie on the stile in which it had occurred to her that it must be pleasant to have so charming a friend as Mr. Chester to call one by one's Christian name, and be so glad to see one. And then she had looked back on her own experiences and found she had never known any one to compare with Mr. Chester. Oh, dear! Was she beginning to be jealous of Doris? She hoped not; she must write down exactly what she felt in her diary, so that she might be upon her guard against the slightest approach of jealousy. Besides, what right had she to feel thus; she had never seen Mr. Chester until to-day, and Doris had known him for years.

Mr. Chester spoke much of Mrs. Carmichael, and said that if there ever was an angel upon earth she was one.

She must then, thought Joyce, have been very different from her brother, for there was little of the angelic about him, and Joyce was sorely tempted to give an opinion that she thought him rather the reverse; still it might be uncharitable, and it was not well to be too unreserved with strangers.

So she made no comments: and at length Mr. Chester changed the subject, and asked Doris if she had been drawing lately; and turning to Joyce, he told her that Doris had quite a talent that way if she would only persevere.

"I shall never draw again," said she. "Oh, those lace patterns, how I worked away at them, and how little I got for my designs!" here the tears began to fall again.

"Poor little Doris," said Mr. Chester, tenderly; "I did not intend to make you cry. I was not thinking of lace patterns; I did not know about them; I was thinking of your sketches of the cottage and—"

"Gabriel," burst in Doris, "I shall never cease to think of those patterns, and now I am going to be an heiress. Isn't it a shame? I shall hate the sight of the money."

"An heiress, Doris?" repeated Mr. Chester, wonderingly.

"An heiress," answered she, bitterly; "it's something to do with Australia, but I don't know what, and I'm sure I don't care. It's all come too late." And she rocked herself backward and forward, Mr. Chester patting her head as if she had been a baby still.

For he seemed to have forgotten, at least so thought Joyce, the years that were accomplished since he and Doris had met.

"Australia! ah, yes, it might be," responded Mr. Chester, musingly.

And Joyce thought of the Australian mail so eagerly looked forward to, and of the arrival of a giant nugget that was to turn the penniless orphan into a wealthy heiress; and a vague longing after a fairy godmother passed into her mind, for Joyce had not quite escaped from the regions of romance, though reality was beginning every now and then to pull her up with a tightened rein.

But Doris did not leave Mr. Chester long to his musings; she began to talk about her present life, and the pursuits of herself and Joyce; and Mr. Chester was glad to hear that she was making up for lost time, and said he must give her some more drawing lessons.

"If you can," returned Doris, shaking her head; "but I'll tell you what you may do, you may go on with the sketch you are taking, and Joyce and I will come and sit with you, and see that you work diligently."

"Do you draw, Miss Dormer?"

"No," said Joyce.

Just then, who should come up but Mr. Carmichael; he had been looking over some fields that lay that way.

His countenance lowered when he saw the two girls, and did not brighten when Doris explained that Mr. Gabriel Chester was an old friend of her mother's. He did not seem particularly glad to see him, though he made a formal speech in which he said he was pleased to meet with any one who had known his sister.

However, he brightened up a little when he heard that Mr. Chester was only going to stay a day or two in the neighborhood, and actually became so far affable as to ask him to dinner the next day.

Mr. Chester did not appear to appreciate the affability, for he accepted the invitation as a mere matter of course.

Conversation flagged after Mr. Carmichael's appearance, and after a few disjointed sentences he observed that it was time to think of turning their steps homeward.

"We have left the boat down among the trees, uncle," said Doris.

"Which trees?" he asked, rather sharply.

Doris pointed across the meadow.

"Too near the Lynncourt estate," he said. "I desire you never to go there again, girls.

And then Mr. Carmichael went his way, saying he could not go with them to the boat as it was too near the Lynncourt property.

His departure was a relief to all; and Mr. Chester, collecting his sketching apparatus, accompanied Joyce and Doris to the boat. Joyce was just going to say "good-bye," when he stepped into the boat and taking the oars said he would row them home.

So he rowed, and Doris steered, whilst Joyce gazed dreamily over the side into the water, wondering what might next happen in the story she had begun to weave, and listening to Mr. Chester's deep voice as he chatted with Doris.

There was a little hesitation when they landed, for neither Joyce nor Doris would have felt at liberty to ask Mr. Chester into Mr. Carmichael's house.

Doris, however, solved the difficulty.

As the boat was being fastened up, she turned to Mr. Chester.

"If Green Oake were my house, Gabriel, I should ask you to come in and spend the evening with us, but as it is not, all I can do is to show you the gate that leads out of the garden into the village, and direct you to the inn. There—there's nothing like the truth, Gabriel, though its sometimes hard to speak it."

Mr. Chester looked at her attentively. "Quite right, Doris," he began; but what further he was going to say was never spoken, for Mr. Carmichael emerged from a path overgrown with shrubs, and invited Mr. Chester to come into the house.

His manner had completely changed, and he was now as anxious to show attention to Mr. Chester as he had hitherto been averse from doing so. He walked with him to the inn, and would have carried his portfolio had Mr. Chester allowed it. He waited for him and brought him home, and his affability was inexhaustible.

There were two notes in Joyce's diary that night, the one appertaining to Mr. Carmichael, the other to herself. The former ran—

"I have never seen Mr. Carmichael so gracious to any one as he has been to Mr. Chester. He has talked to him incessantly. I cannot help thinking that there must be some reason for this sudden change of tactics.

"Mr. Carmichael's affability has influenced Aunt Lotty. She has been most lively this evening. I suppose it was her husband's unflagging zeal to make himself agreeable to his guest that gave her the courage once or twice to make a remark. Mr. Carmichael would have let the remarks pass by unheeded, but Mr. Chester listened with a deference that won my heart, and caused Aunt Lotty to comment after his departure, 'I have never seen so pleasant a man in all my life.'"

The other passage was as follows—

"To-night I wore a white dress, with blue ribbons, but I am not sure that it looked as well as Doris's black silk. Doris said the ribbons matched my eyes; but I think my eyes have a grayer shade in them. Mr. Chester seems fond of music, and I don't think he paid much attention to Mr. Carmichael's speeches during my last piece.

"Doris and I had a long talk after we retired to our rooms. She thinks—"

But what Doris thought must be left to another chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

"Doris thinks that Mr. Chester is very handsome—" this was the unfinished sentence: then followed Joyce's comments.

"I think," writes Joyce, "that her opinion must proceed from his being an old friend, whom she has always thought much of. He merely strikes me as having a sensible face and pleasant voice. He looks twice as old as Doris; indeed, he has rather an old look, but that may be owing to his being so sunburnt. He seems to regard Doris as quite a child, and forgets that she is over eighteen at the present time. What is going to happen? In spite of his gracious manner I know that Mr. Carmichael will be very glad when Mr. Chester says 'good-bye.'"

So much for the extract.

"Doris," said Joyce, "who is Mr. Gabriel Chester?"

"I don't know," answered Doris.

This was not a very satisfactory beginning, but by degrees Joyce learned the little that Doris did know about him. Mrs. Carmichael had met with him and his mother in the little village where she had taken up her abode.

Mrs. Chester had been an elder girl in her last half year at a school where Mrs. Carmichael had been the youngest day-pupil. The great girl had petted the little one and made a plaything of her, and the little one had idolized the superior being who made so much of her. For children have much reverence in their natures, a species of clinging adoration for those above them, that seems to be but little understood, or surely mothers would pay more heed to it than they do. But this adoring principle implanted in the infant mind is too often crushed even in tenderest years. This heaven-begotten idolatry, that makes the parent in the childish heart, type of an unknown God, that so through earthly love the heavenly may be taught, how often is it cast away and trampled under foot by those who understand not the power for good or evil that they hold over the souls committed to their charge.

And when the great girl and the little one met in after years as women, with the disparity of age softened between them, the old bond, though scarcely recognized, held a gentle sway in the sympathy the elder accorded to the younger, and in the unservile gratitude with which that sympathy was met.

Mrs. Chester was very kind to her old schoolmate, and had assisted her as much as Mrs. Carmichael's gentle pride would allow herself to be helped; and the poor lady, lace-making in her humble lodgings, had been taken into close friendship with her more fortunate companion.

There was another bond of sympathy: they had both lost their husbands, and both soon after marriage.

"Is Mrs. Chester still alive?" asked Joyce.

"No, she died eight or nine years ago, and I have only seen Gabriel once since, and that was soon after my mother received that letter from Uncle Carmichael. I shall read that letter some time, Joyce, and then I shall know what it was that made her suffer so."

But Joyce knew that she would never read that letter.

"Joyce," continued Doris, "sometimes I feel as if I ought not to stay here, as if I could not stay. And yet it was my mother's dying wish for me to come, and so I try to believe that it is right to be here, but often and often my heart leaps up against it. Gabriel asked me if I was happy, and I said 'Yes.' And I am happy, Joyce, as long as you are with me. And I did not want him to think I distrusted Uncle Carmichael; for, after all, he is my mother's brother. I told Gabriel what a dear kind Joyce you were, and made him promise to love you for my sake."

"Oh, Doris—" began Joyce.

But Doris stopped her.

"I like all the people," said Doris, "that I love, to love one another, therefore you will have to love Gabriel. I told him I should 'tell you to do so—"

"Doris!"

But Doris waved her hand imperiously.

"All people I love have to obey me," said she, "I never wish them to do anything that is not for their own happiness. How nice it would be," she went on, "if you and I, and Gabriel could all live together when my fortune comes in."

"And leave Green Oake, and Aunt Lotty? Poor Aunt Lotty!"

"Well, I should like to have Aunt Lotty as well; but you see that would involve Uncle Carmichael," and she paused, as if considering the point. Then she clapped her hands. "What a good thing it would be if Uncle Carmichael were to die."

"Doris!"

"Well, of course, I mean if he were prepared, and all that sort of thing. No one would miss him much. But then," added she, thoughtfully, "I don't think he is prepared. He seems to me the sort of man who never will be prepared. What do you think?"

"Oh, hush, Doris! What right have we to be judging in such a matter?"

"Well, I'm not judging. I'm only speculating, and one can't help speculating. I try to be charitable in all cases, but I often have strong doubts about people. Do you never have strong doubts, Joyce?"

"Where has Mr. Chester been since you saw him?" inquired Joyce, changing the subject.

"In Italy and Germany."

"Did he know you were here?"

"No; how should he?"

"Had he forgotten all about you?" inquired Joyce.

"Forgotten!" answered Doris, indignantly; "forgotten! Dear old Gabriel would never forget me. He had been down to the little sea-village to look for us, and had found that my mother was dead, and I was gone no one knew whither."

"Then it was mere chance his coming here?"

"Yes; if you like to call it so. I don't."

"Neither do I. It's part of the story," said Joyce, involuntarily.

Doris looked at her.

"Oh, you dreaming Joyce! I believe you live in a world of romance. Do tell me the tale that is going on in your brain."

"Not now, but some day you shall peep into my diary, and see what is written there."

It was a rash promise, and the moment after Joyce doubted whether she would ever care to fulfil it. Would she like anyone to see *all* that was written down there.

Of course Doris wished to take advantage of it at once, but Joyce said,

"Not now; but when we are old women, and this present time seems to us only like a story we read on a fair summer day, half-laughing and half-weeping."

"With Gabriel for the sunshine," suggested Doris.

"As you like."

"As I like! Now, is he not a gleam across our paths? See how Aunt Lotty unfolds beneath his rays. And even Uncle Carmichal has become more amiable for the time being, though I must confess I don't think it's owing to Gabriel exactly. There are wheels within wheels that I can't understand. However, that is not to the purpose; it is Gabriel that has oiled the wheels and made them go more smoothly. Your hard heart will be softened, too, Joyce, when I make him sing for us to-morrow—it is so beautiful. To tell you the truth, I don't think he has been much sunshine to you at present, though why he is not I can't imagine. It always seems to me cheerful where Gabriel is."

"But then you know Mr. Chester so well."

"Yes," returned Doris, pondering. "And you don't. That may be it. You looked quite grave all last evening, and you are looking quite grave now, and tired, too; but that is no wonder, for here we are sitting up talking, and it's near midnight."

She opened the window.

"How dark the sky looks, and yet the stars are shining. I wonder what the stars are really like, if one could get near enough to them. If one had wings! But how tired one would be of flying so far!"

"Perhaps you would like to have electricity applied to wings, and flash along like a telegraphic despatch."

"Horrible!" answered Doris, shrugging her shoulders. "No, I would float along in some marvellous manner that had no fatigue in it, and visit all the distant worlds I see. Sometimes I have a vision that I should meet with fair cities built of pure gold, where chrysoprase and cardonyx would be as common pebbles—where flowers would never fade and never be out of bloom—where in a fairer Paradise a race of unfallen beings are dwelling, and all is as this earth should be if Eve had never eaten of the fruit."

"Visionary," said Joyce.

"Perhaps so; but I've watched the stars until they seem like friends to me. I should rather like my horoscope to be taken. Not that I should exactly believe in it," said she, seeing that Joyce was half inclined to laugh; "but I can't help feeling that phases of nature have more influence over us than we are aware of—that there is a mysterious relationship throughout the universe that produces an effect upon us, that makes us sometimes feel as if in some way the world and all therein were connected with us, as though we could stretch forth our arms and say, 'All this is mine.'"

Joyce looked in astonishment at the girl. Her slender figure was stretched to its full height, her dusky hair had fallen down, and her deep, dark eyes shone brightly, but not a tinge of warmer color had stolen into her face, which was white as purest marble.

"You are a strange girl, Doris," said she, and she gently closed the window.

CHAPTER VIII.

A wonderful change had come over Mr. Carmichael. At breakfast he laid down his paper and made three several remarks to his wife.

It was an event not to be passed over lightly. Aunt Lotty evidently considered it as the beginning of a new era, or perhaps the return to a golden age, after a long interregnum of iron and granite. This is not spoken geologically, but metaphorically. Certainly Aunt Lotty's youth seemed to be "renewed like the eagle's." There was an elasticity in her step and a buoyancy in her tone that told how very small a spark was necessary to kindle a huge bonfire of happiness in her patient heart.

Her knitting was comparatively disregarded, and she went busily about the house, animated by a spirit of amateur dusting.

Yet there had been nothing particularly inspiring in these three remarks of Mr. Carmichael's, they simply had reference to dinner and to the respective merits of roast or boiled. Still Aunt Lotty had been consulted, and it made her seem of more importance to herself than usual. Her opinion on household matters was held in some estimation, although, as a general thing, she was supposed to have no opinions at all.

In the midst of her little flush of triumph Mr. Chester arrived.

Aunt Lotty had already begun to look upon him as the good angel who had come as the bearer of a new dispensation to her monotonous life, and received him with unaffected pleasure. Joyce and Doris were in the garden, gathering flowers for the drawing-room vases, and Mrs. Carmichael sent him out to them.

He would help them, and then they would the sooner be ready for the sketching expedition that Mr. Chester had proposed the day before. But he had not been thus occupied very long when Mr. Carmichael carried him off.

Joyce watched them conversing earnestly, and once, as they passed near her she heard Mr. Carmichael say in a sentimental tone:

"My sister's darling shall ever find an uncle's home open to her, and an uncle's love."

"She looks as though she had both," responded Mr. Chester.

And certainly Doris was looking remarkably well: she had improved perceptibly even in the short time she had been at Green Oake.

Then they went on, and Joyce heard no more, but quietly continued her flower-gathering and flower-arranging, which, having at last come to an end, she and Doris equipped themselves for their walk. Mr. Carmichael insisted upon accompanying them. He appeared to be quite fascinated with Doris's friend.

The rest of the party would have preferred his remaining at home.

However, they were not destined to experience much annoyance in the matter, for Mr. Carmichael, much to his discomfiture, were carried off soon after the party had taken up their position, in order to inspect some disaster that had happened at his new dairy.

He groaned inwardly over this *contretemps*, and mentally anathematised the unlucky cows and all those connected with them.

But this did not appear upon the surface. He was led away with a smile upon his countenance, and his apparent amiability unimpaired.

Joyce wandered from one sketcher to the other, looking over their shoulders, and wishing that she, too, had a talent for drawing.

"Do you object to being looked over?" Joyce asked, as Mr. Chester turned hastily round, after she had been for some minutes watching the landscape grow beneath his pencil.

"No," answered Mr. Chester, absently, looking at her as though he did not see her, but some one else standing there. "You remind me of your aunt, Miss Dormer," said he, at length; "has it never struck Doris?"

Doris was at a little distance, so could not hear what they were saying.

"No, Doris has never mentioned it. Besides, Mrs. Carmichael was not my aunt, Mr. Carmichael is not my uncle."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chester.

"Did Mrs. Carmichael ever speak of her brother?" asked Joyce, rather earnestly.

Mr. Chester looked at her, half-surprised at the tone in which she spoke; still he answered her.

"Not often." He waited; then continued, "I imagine that Mr. Carmichael is much changed in the last few years. Probably softened. His heart seems overflowing with tenderness."

There was a pause, for Joyce was considering in what light to take Mr. Chester's speech. Did he really believe what he was saying? She had no means of judging, for Mr. Chester's eyes had returned to the drawing before him, and were industriously bent on the branches of a very crooked tree.

But Joyce was not long silent. The demon of curiosity had fastened upon her, and inspired her with a strange desire to know something of this Mrs. Carmichael, of whom, until within a few weeks, her brother had never spoken, not even to his wife. "Not even to his wife." Mere sentimental phraseology, for Aunt Lotty was the last person likely to hear anything of especial importance from her husband. Poor Aunt Lotty! Yet, doubtless, there are a good many Aunt Lottys in the world. And Joyce congratulated herself that she had too much sense ever to become one. Vanity, vanity, Joyce Dormer!

And then she spoke.

"Mrs. Carmichael did not consider her brother to be possessed of much tenderness?" said she, interrogatively.

Quickly enough did Mr. Chester turn away from his drawing, as he bent his eyes full upon Joyce.

"You distrust your uncle, Miss Dormer?"

"My aunt's husband," returned Joyce, in correction.

"Your aunt's husband, then," he repeated, and he waited in expectation of an answer.

But no answer came, for Joyce felt that she involved herself in a dilemma. What right had she to imbue a stranger with suspicions of a man about whom, after all, she might be mistaken. And yet she was convinced that she was not mistaken. The packet was fresh in her memory. A mere suspicion, too. An unproved theory, yet nevertheless a theory, that she felt time would show to be a correct one.

"You distrust your aunt's husband?" repeated Mr. Chester, quietly, still gazing steadily at Joyce, who stood, with drooped eyelids and her fingers nervously twitching her parasol. There was still no reply, but Joyce raised her eyes for a moment and glanced at his face, hoping she might therein find an index of the inner man.

And the glance was not without its result, for hesitating no longer, she replied,

"I do."

And equally unhesitating was Mr. Chester's rejoinder.

"So do I."

Joyce stared at Mr. Chester with an expression of such unfeigned astonishment, that he fairly burst out laughing.

"We are physiognomists, Miss Dormer, and have been reading each other's character. Fortunately, the result has been satisfactory. You have decided that faith in me will not be misplaced, and I feel that Miss Dormer can help me in fulfilling a trust if she is so inclined."

Of course it was something that had to do with Doris, Joyce knew that well enough. What an interest he took in her, and what could be more natural than that he should do so. Had he not known her for years? and how pretty Doris was! She had never been so much struck with it as within the last few days. Possibly she had never before observed her so attentively. Just what an artist might admire. Alas! alas! keep out of her heart, little imp of jealousy; don't try to make for yourself a habitation there. Joyce Dormer would scorn herself if she made room for you. How strange that so pleasant a gentlemen as Mr. Chester, should have called up such an ugly apparition.

"Will you help me, Miss Dormer?"

"Yes." What else could she say.

"I think," said Mr. Chester, "that Mrs. Carmichael had some doubt or fear respecting her brother. The last time I saw her, now about seven years ago, she was very ill, so ill that her life was all but despaired of. It appeared to be the result of some shock she had received, but what that shock was no one, of course, knew but herself. I found out from Doris that she had had a letter from her brother, to whom she had written, so I presumed it was in some way connected with his answer. This was the more confirmed by her giving me a small sealed packet, which she requested me not to open unless after her death Doris should need assistance. She hoped it might never be necessary to open the packet, as she wished Doris to remain in ignorance of the facts therein contained; but circumstances might arise in which those facts might be of the utmost importance. She told me that she was preparing a longer document to the same effect, which she should give with similar injunctions to Doris."

"But Doris was very young then to be intrusted with papers of importance."

"Not too young, I think, even had the packet been given at that precise time; besides, she had grown old with being her mother's friend so long, the two were quite dependent on each other. Let me see, Doris will be nineteen next January."

How accurately he remembered everything connected with her.

"Yes."

"The snow-child I used to call her, she was so white. She has no more color now than she had then, and her eyes look even darker. It is a strange style of beauty, and yet very beautiful," said he, musingly.

"Very," said Joyce, with a vigorous effort, for she felt the jealous demon trying to muffle her voice.

But Mr. Chester was aware of no struggle and no victory; he looked at her with a pleased smile.

"Ah, I was sure that you would appreciate it."

Would it have been honest in Joyce to disclaim the implied praise? She almost felt it would have been, and yet supererogatory, added to which she could not have entered into particulars, so she let the remark pass by, and he returned to the previous subject.

"Nineteen next January. So she would have been almost thirteen at the time of which I am speaking. And now about this packet, Miss Dormer. I lead a rambling life just at the present time: will you take charge of it for me?"

Joyce hesitated: she felt that in one way the packet was safer with him than with herself.

"Have you no one else to whom you can intrust it?"

"No one in whom I can repose the same confidence."

Foolish Joyce, she felt herself growing quite scarlet with the little compliment; but Mr. Chester said it gravely, and evidently had no intention of her taking it as such, for he added,

"I am sure for Doris's sake it would be safer in your hands than in any one's else."

"Doris's sake!" she might have spared herself the blush, what must he have thought of her?

"You forget that I told you I was a physiognomist," he continued. "I know that you will not refuse without good reason."

"No," said Joyce, "I will not, but I must think this over."

Then up came Doris.

"What have you two been talking about?" she asked. "I don't think there has been much sketching for the last ten minutes, at any rate. I shall have my wish, I see. I thought you would become friendly if I left you a little while to your own resources."

Joyce wished that Doris would not say such odd things; yet somehow they fell so naturally from her lips that they scarcely sounded strange. Nevertheless, Joyce did not feel altogether at her ease, but Mr. Chester laughingly said:

"Let me see if you have been any more diligent?" and he took her drawing; but there were scarcely any more strokes than when he had last looked at it.

"I don't pretend to having been industrious," said Doris. "I was watching you. Joyce was shy at first, but you were very eloquent; I quite longed to hear the speech that you were making. But I don't think you were quite satisfied with the answer she gave you."

"Had you been a little more attentive you would have discovered that Miss Dormer gave me no answer at all."

"Then I am just in time to hear it?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Chester.

Doris looked grave.

"I'm not sure that I intend you to have secrets that I am to have no part in," she said.

And then Mr. Carmichael returned from his dairy inspection, and he took possession of Mr. Chester, so that no further conversation could take place; and as the two girls loitered behind the gentlemen on their homeward way, Doris said, somewhat pensively—

"I don't like dear old Gabriel to have any secrets."

Was she, too, vexed? Was Mr. Chester going to bring discordant feelings into quiet Green Oake?

And so they went home; and in the evening Doris made Mr. Chester sing, and Joyce played the accompaniments, and scarcely knew that she was playing, for it seemed to her as though she heard no sound save Mr. Chester's voice.

And when they went upstairs Doris said:

"You were softened to-night. You think now that Gabriel can bring sunshine. You will get to like him as well as I do, Joyce."

And Joyce made no answer; but in her heart she prayed:

"Heaven grant that I may not!"

In the course of the evening she had found an opportunity to whisper to Mr. Chester—

"Keep the packet, and I will send for it when needed."

And Mr. Chester had answered:

"It shall be as you say."

And she knew he was not dissatisfied, but that he had judged her aright, and knew that she had been conscientious in her decision.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We bespeak attention to our new novelet, which we think will be a worthy successor to the greatly admired story of "Hearts Errant." It is called,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY;

BY JEAN BONCŒUR—

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c., are giving so much satisfaction to our readers.

We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter."

OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

"Going to school" in these days is becoming a formidable matter to what it was in those good old times "when you and I were young." Then one principal avocation of a teacher was to prevent his flock from making a noise. To this end he was privileged to use any amount of birch, and if by dint of this forcible argument he succeeded in stilling the infant lungs, he was forthwith voted a good and responsible pedagogue.

No dread amount of learning was needed. The "Rule of Three" formed an excellent mathematical horizon, while a limited proficiency in Reading, Writing and Spelling, guided him safely through all the thickets and by-roads of his profession.

We refer more particularly to the Country Schoolmaster, a variety of the genus very different from the more pretentious city tutor.

Whether it be that the children of this age are more intellectual than were their sires; or whether it be that improved methods of teaching, better arranged text books, and a well-devised system of rewards and punishments, are more efficacious in teaching "the young idea how to shoot," certain it is that our young contemporaries seem to walk upright under a load of lessons to which their parents were never subjected.

A smattering of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, with an occasional lapse into Grammar, or a stumble over the salient facts of Geography; for the model pupil of the school a tender leading across the borders of that Terra Incognita sealed to the rest of the children; for the refractories, whippings, apple-munchings, laughings in the face of authority, and truant wanderings through wood and glen, were the school experiences of many who are now classed with our most reputable citizens.

But the footsteps of progress have broken down all barriers, and the erudition formerly taught only in Colleges and Universities is overflowing our Common Schools. In the cities particularly is this manifest. School Mathematics no longer keep within their ancient horizon, but embrace Algebra, Mensuration, Surveying, and various kindred branches. Orthography and Grammar now mean a knowledge of the origin of our language, and some acquaintance with the dead tongues. Writing naturally leads to Drawing, and Reading to Elocution, while a host of new studies, Physical Geography, Astronomy, Philosophies Natural, Mental and Moral, State Constitutions, Music, and what not, serve to fill up all chinks, making the Common School System a formidable weapon of attack upon the intellect of the rising generation.

This is all very correct, and gives fruitful promise of a learned community for the commencement of the next century, but unfortunately in this, as in many other cases, our people have gone to extremes. We make no complaint of an attempt to teach too much, but of an effort to do too much at once, burdening pupils with a multitude of diversified branches, and an undue length of exercises that render it impossible for any but good memories to get a proper mastery of the text, and for any to have a thorough acquaintance with its meaning.

True there are exceptional cases in those prodigies of memory, intellect, and application, who may emerge from our High Schools, not only with striking averages, but with a complete grounding in their various branches of study. Unluckily, however, for the beauty of this result we have been behind the scenes in several of these cases, and witnessed a preceding process of severe study, and a succeeding long sickness, broken constitution, insanity, and in more than one case, a funeral, that have caused such striking examples to lack their proper effect on our minds, and left us non-converts to the hot house system of education.

Some other of our cities seem to be in advance of Philadelphia in this respect, having reached the sensible conclusion that perfection in a few branches of study is of more value than to gain a smattering of a dozen. The student derives benefit, not from all that enters the mind, but simply from that small fraction which remains there. Knowledge is a sort of chemical precipitate of our reading, and no chemist seeks to aid precipitation by causing undue quantities of material to flow through his vessels. With a few branches at a time, short lessons, and a demand that the judgment shall be exercised as well as the memory, a correct idea of the meaning and relations of every subject being required of the student, more true knowledge can certainly be attained than to load the memory with a multitude of words to the total exclusion of ideas.

We are well aware that our teachers do their utmost to impress a practical knowledge of their studies on the minds of the pupils, and succeed to a meritorious extent considering the faulty system with which they have to contend. But were their efforts better seconded by their systems, we are certain that our schools would yield graduates more usefully and soundly, if less widely educated.

The natural result of a strain in one direction is a recoil in the opposite, and this rule of physics is strongly exemplified in the mental movement of overtaught pupils. Esteeming it almost an escape from prison to leave school they shut and seal their books, and make all convenient haste to forget what they have been forced so hastily to learn. Well for them then if their brains are stored with thoughts and ideas instead of words and phrases, for the mere language of an author is almost impossible to retain; his ideas, if once mastered, very difficult to forget.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SOLITUDES OF NATURE AND OF MAN; OR, THE LONELINESS OF HUMAN LIFE. By WILLIAM ROUSSEVILLE ALGER. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and also for sale by Smith, English & Co., Phila.

THE GOOD REPORT; MORNING AND EVENING LESSONS FOR LENT. By ALICE B. HAVEN. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by D. Ashmead, 724 Chestnut, street, Phila.

THE REV. MR. SOURBALL'S EUROPEAN TOUR. THE RECREATIONS OF A CITY PARSON. By HORACE COPE. Published by D. Ashmead, Phila.

American Extravagance Abroad.

A foreign correspondent of "The Episcopalian" says:—

We wish Americans would go to Switzerland and the North of Germany to spend their summers until some of our hotel-keepers at our leading watering-places reduce their unconscionable prices. Barring the trouble, we do not think that much would be lost. But the difficulty is, that prices everywhere have increased, and there is a gradual rise in those localities so attractive to foreigners. I have been informed that we Americans are doing a great deal to bring about just this state of things. An Englishman, it is said, when he goes to a hotel, views the whole affair of his dealing with his landlord as a business transaction, inquires the price of his room, and protests strongly if obliged to pay anything beyond the market price. An American travels in Europe as if he were out for having a good time irrespective of expense, views his dealings with his landlord as not strictly a business affair, seldom inquires prices beforehand, has a certain sum to spend, and is indifferent whether it goes into the pockets of those who are charging double or not. We know that these statements must be taken with some degree of qualification, while we feel that there is some truth in them. Whether the fact arises from the above causes or not, we cannot tell; but certain it is, that Americans as a class are the most popular with hotel-keepers and the like. Let us hope that it is owing to their superior manners, rather than to the length of their purse or the looseness of the strings.

And we beg of those who can spend *ad libitum*, to live and let live. Let there be as few obstructions to the avenues of happiness as possible. We ask of those who are even now planning their summer excursion to the Paris Exhibition, and who, while there, will probably take a run into Germany or Switzerland, to remember their poorer brethren after the flesh. Why should there be such inching, and pinching, and screwing, and driving, in making money, and such prodigality in the outlay of it? There are those who will come after you who will feel the ill effects of your waste. The hard student who has nursed his savings that he may tread the classic soil of Greece and Rome, will engage his passage home a month earlier, it may be, for the sum set apart will not go as far as it once did. And he, to whom this journey abroad is a matter almost of life and death, will be obliged to return before high health braces the feeble knee, because his small salary is totally inadequate to any such demands.

There are still countries where comforts and elegance await the invalid traveller—Switzerland and Germany. Let travellers only be fair and just in their dealings, and things will be all right.

The Fenian Revolt.

Notwithstanding the repeated telegrams by the cable that "the Fenian revolt had been suppressed," that "things were quieting down in Ireland," and other intimations of the same sort, evidently from British sources, it appears that the Fenian movement has assumed a more formidable front than ever. The news shows that there have been general risings among the discontented Irish people in quite a number of the counties in that country, and that menacing disturbances continue in several parts of England also. It must be remembered that the accounts of these affairs still come to us through English sources, and that, widespread as the outbreak is thus made to appear, it would probably appear to be still greater if we could get the news from sources not hostile to the Fenian cause. The British authorities ought to be taught, by an uprising made under such serious disadvantages, that it will be a great deal better for them in the long run to concede to the impoverished and oppressed people of Ireland better government than to be subject to such constant alarms.

☞ DEATH OF ARTEMUS WARD.—Charles F. Brown, better known as "Artemus Ward," author of a series of popular comic productions, and a successful lecturer, died at Southampton, England, on the 6th.

☞ Crowded as the French capital is, and is going to be, all summer, private letters from well-informed Americans say there is no difficulty in procuring houses, or parts of houses, on terms which, in New York, would be considered marvellously cheap.

☞ Dr. Marini having discovered a method of preventing the decomposition of the body after death, he made the following horrible use of photography to prove the perfection of his system. An author of the history of Sardinia, Pietro Martini, died on the 17th of February last. On the 17th of June, the corpse was brought to light, and was found to be so supple and life-like that it was dressed up "in his habit as he lived," taken into a glass room and photographed! A likeness was produced which could not be distinguished from a portrait taken when the subject was living.

☞ The Swiss government is going to lend its army tents to the Swiss who visit the Paris Exposition, and quite an encampment will be formed thereby.

TO H. W. L.,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY, 1867.

[The following verses appears in the Boston Advertiser. They are evidently addressed to Longfellow by his fellow-poet J. Russell Lowell.]

I need not praise the sweetness of his song,
Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong
The new-moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

As I muse backward up the chequered years
Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,
Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears,—
But hush! this is not for profaner ears;
Let them drink molten pearls, nor dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core
As nought but nightshade grew upon earth's ground;
Love turned all his to heart's ease, and the more
Fate tried his bastions, she but found a door
Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a windwaved fountain's swaying shade
Seems of a mixed race, a gray wraith shot with sun,
So through his trial faith translucent shone
Till darkness, half dismatured so, betrayed
A heart of sunshine that would fain o'er-run.

Surely if skill in song the sheave may stay
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his and each as lusty-sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be,
May Age steal on with softly-cadenced feet
Failing in music, as for him were meet
Whose choicest verse is not so rare as he!

J. R. L.

Oiling the Sea.

An experienced sea captain writes to the New York Herald that he has been at sea for twenty-eight years, and master of a vessel for the last ten years, and during that time he saved the vessel under his command twice by "oiling the sea." He writes that "when the master of a ship cannot get out of a storm—that is, when a ship is disabled and he has to take the heft of the gale—if he has oil on board, start two or three gallons over the side of the ship. This will give the ship smooth water to the windward, and then the oil allowed to run drop by drop is all that is required, for as soon as the sea comes in contact with the oil it breaks, and the ship is in smooth water as long as the oil is allowed to run. In 1864, in the heaviest gale of wind I ever saw, I lost all my sails, then the rudder; and I know the vessel could not have ridden the sea for an hour if I had not had oil on board. Five gallons of oil lasted me fifty-six hours, and this saved the vessel, cargo and lives on board. Let ships of heavy tonnage have two iron tanks of forty gallons each, one on each side, with faucet so arranged that the oil can be started at any time; small vessels, ten gallon tanks, and all ship's boats tanks of five gallons each, well filled, so that in case the ship founder or burn, the boats will have oil to smooth the sea in case of a gale. With these tanks of oil on board of ships and a good man for master—one who knows the laws of storms and handles his ship so as to get it out of the centre of the storm, you will have no more foundering of good ships at sea, the loss of many lives and millions of money."

☞ The genial President of a New England College, when uniforms were required to be worn by the students, called up a bright chap, small of stature for his age, and told him he was reported for having his coat too short. B—— replied, "It will be long enough before I get another." The President was delighted with the witty rejoinder, and at the next "Government meeting" expressed the opinion that on account of it B—— should be excused. "I told him," said the venerable head of the college, "that his coat was too short, and he replied that it *would be some time before he got another!*" The President was rather amazed at his own jolly ha! ha! was not echoed by his solemn associates.

☞ Dr. Gross, the justly celebrated surgeon, was once dangerously ill. Shortly after his recovery, he met one of his lady patients—they are not always patient ladies—who remarked to him, "Oh, Doctor! I rejoice to see that you are out again; had we lost you, our good people would have died by the dozen?" "Thank you, madam," replied the affable doctor, "but now, I fear they will die by the *Gross!*"

☞ J. B. was a stingy old creature, eager for money; but he was a zealous member of a church, and ostentatious in his religious exercises: "John," said Catherine to her brother, "what could have made that stingy old wretch a Christian?" "I can tell you," said John, "he has read that the streets of the New Jerusalem are paved with gold, and he is determined to get there."

☞ During the French revolution a man applied to the passport office for a passport. "What is your name?" "Nis." "What?" "Nis." "Nonsense! that is no name." "You have abolished saints, haven't you?" "Yes." "And you have abolished dis?" "Yes." "So my name is Nis, for before the revolution I was called St. Denis."

☞ SAYING "NO" EASY.—"How is it you never go with bad boys or get into bad scrapes?" asked one little fellow of his playmate. "O," said the other, "that's cause I don't say 'no' easy." We thank that boy for his secret. It is worth a good deal more than a bag of money. We have no doubt saying "no" easy has ruined many a child, and many a man and woman too, saying "no" as if you did not quite mean it.

☞ By the disobedience of a lad in 1809 a garden gate in Rhode Island was left open, a pig got in and destroyed a few plants; a quarrel between the owners of the pig and the garden grew out of it, which spread among their friends, defeated the Federal candidate for the Legislature, and gave the State a Democratic Senator, by whose vote the war of 1812 with Great Britian was declared.

☞ The last of the Table Rock, at Niagara Falls, fell recently. It has been crumbling away since 1818.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO

WATER FALLS—LAKE AQUA-PLATA—VILLA VERDE—HALTED AGAIN—FISHING FUN—AQUATIC FOOT RACE—GAME GUNNING—QUEER FOWL.—COCOA MAKING.

The little Andean river Beyadeiro, after tumbling headlong in a succession of snowy, romantic cascades, down among the rugged sierras, subsides finally, as if wearied and wanting rest, into a very beautiful miniature lake in the midst of a lovely valley plain lying some thirteen leagues southeast from Tambobamba. This little Lake *Aqua-plata* (silver water) is itself a natural curiosity. Oval, irregularly oblong, covering an area of about ten square miles, having all around its shores innumerable arms, out-branches and tiny estuaries, its surface studded thickly with diminutive islets, many of them so small as to scarcely afford footing for four persons, none of them having an elevation of more than two feet above the surface, all covered with a dense growth of tall growing, feathery reeds, with beautifully tasselled heads waving gracefully in the breeze—all these features combined gives the singular lake, from a bird's eye view, much the appearance of an immense silver-backed water spider, with twelve dozen liquid legs, the body covered with patches of whitish green hairs, all in waving motion, its head towards Tambobamba, and the white cascades stretching outward and upward from the posterior extremity, very well representing a series of beautiful webs whitened with hoar frost.

Situated on both sides of the stream, between the foot of the lower sierra and where the small river changes itself into the silver lake, is the little straggling hamlet of Villa Verde, containing some seven hundred souls in all, counting savages, peons, cholas, mongrels of all shades, and the hundred or so of Peruvian Spaniards, male and female, who claim to be white people, though it would be difficult to determine the line of distinction by color, or select by feature the Castilian senora from the *chola seria*.

However, as the Villa Verdians all welcomed us warmly, tendered the hospitalities of their homes and of all that they had—as the best *cocoa* in all South America perhaps was grown, manufactured and drank at Villa Verde—as we had learned that the lake abounded with excellent fish, affording rare sport, and as we had enjoyed no real fishing frolic since our angling adventures at Juan Fernandez, we were not particularly nice about shades of color or forms of features, so the sentiment was unanimous with us to accept the Villa Verdians' urgent invitation to tarry with them a few days. There was nothing to hurry us forward. On the other hand there was fine fishing in the silver lake, capital shooting in all the surrounding neighborhood, the best cocoa in all Peru, unlimited hospitality, comfortable enough homes for us all, and why shouldn't we give ourselves a few days of rational enjoyment, shoot birds, catch fish, drink first class cocoa, learn to manufacture it, and, in short, be just as comfortable as our own resources, the offerings of nature and the bounty of our new neighbors could make us?

The first day was given to receptions and a distribution of our persons, people and animals, among our new neighbors, and at an early hour on the second morning we were prepared for active outdoor pastime of any character that should offer. Fishing was proposed and voted the first days amusement; and supposing, naturally enough, that whatever fish might be found in Lake Aqua-plata were to be taken, as pond and river fishes in all Christian countries usually are, we set about hunting out and putting in order our long abandoned tackle. Don Joaquim Alvarado, chief man of Villa Verde, an intelligent old Catalan and accomplished piscator, soon led us out of that error however:

"No, no, my friends. You will need none of that sort of gear in taking our fish—nothing but your bare hands, a bag and big basket. The first you are well supplied with. The latter we will furnish you. So put by your jointed rods, hooks and lines, and come with us."

"Baskets, bags and bare hands to take fish with!" Dr. Bond said, looking astonished. "Pray, Don Joaquim, what sort of fish have you, that permit themselves to be captured in that manner?"

"We have two sorts, Senor Doctor, *el Reihna* and *el Principe* do Peru, (the Queen and Prince of Peru,) both royal fishes, so that our fishing will be both honorable and interesting. Come, we shall quickly initiate you, and give you capital sport."

So we went out to fish in Lake Aqua-plata, and there went with us men, women and children as guides, teachers and assistants, fully one half of all the inhabitants of Villa Verde. About one half of the whole number were provided with long, narrow baskets, woven of bamboo, painted a dark reddish brown, and having fixed firmly on one side within, along the entire length, a sort of screen of green vines and branches. Besides the baskets, each one carried a bag, or rather a pouch of raw hide, with pockets like a pair of old fashioned saddle bags. These contrivances were intended for carrying the fish. The other division of our piscatorial army carried long rods, made white by denuding them of bark. These, as we soon learned, were fish goads, and those who bore them the fish drivers.

The lake is in no place more than three feet deep, and rarely more than eighteen inches, literally swarming with the two kinds of fishes named, whose favorite haunts are close in under the grassy banks, in all the miniature coves and estuaries, and among the low, reedy islands. The bottom of the lake being perfectly smooth and so nearly level, formed of clean, fine sand, affords excellent footing, and the water being of a pleasant temperature, a wading excursion through the lake, basketing and bagging fish, gave us a delightful walking bath, which, with the excitement and novel sport, made altogether as pretty a piece of pastime as we had ever enjoyed in all our wanderings.

The *Reihna* is a pretty fish, twenty inches in length when full grown, in shape very like the North American brook trout, *S. Fontinalis*, dark olive on the back, with silvery green sides and brilliant white underneath—the head mottled yellow and black, and fins and tail a bright crimson. Altogether a very handsome "queen" fish, and almost equal in flavor to our earliest river shad.

El Principe do Peru is a smaller fish, round as a turned ten-pin, blue, with buff fins, and a head like that of our glass eye pike—a good fish, too, but not nearly equal to the Reihna. The manner of taking the fish affords fun, and where the fishing party was as numerous as ours, made up of men, women, girls and boys, of all ages, colors and nationalities, no great stretch of fancy is necessary to imagine the excitement that would naturally come of an hour's pastime of that nature.

Arrived at the water's edge the basket traps were transferred, one to each member of our party, and as our new neighbors outnumbered us about five to one, Don Joaquim as master of ceremonies, told us off in the order of one Bohemian to five Villa Verdians with very little regard to the fitness, or matching age or sex, making a miscellaneous jumble and mixing up of material, as for instance—Cator got for drivers a hideous old *chola* hag, Padre Anselmo, head priest of the Dolores Mission, and two as lovely dark-eyed senoras as ever wore satin slipper. Edith Bond was provided with four soldiers, Don Joaquim's wife and a wild Indian. And so heterogeneously were we parcelled out, and prepared to fish.

Away we went into the lake, each fisherman or woman following his or her drivers, the small parties separating in different directions, some wading towards the islands, others skirting along the shores, while several parties steered for the estuaries and coves. Being planted in position, with basket traps held between our legs on the bottom, screen side up and open mouth towards the "drive," the whippers-in fell to work, beating, and thrashing the water and thrusting their white rods in under, and through the grassy hiding places, sending out the startled fish to seek more secure quarters, and seeing the submerged baskets containing the inviting screen before them, they would dart into the deceptive trap, and were no doubt as greatly astonished as fishes could be at finding themselves thus basketed and bagged.

For the first half-hour or so the fun was entirely in fishing. After that it took the direction of a general frolic that ran rapidly into an aquatic carnival, ridiculously laughable in its features, that changed as rapidly as the pictures presented by the kaliedoscope. There was slashing, splashing, spattering, sprinkling, and spouting water, with all manner of harmless aquatic pranks, the climax being capped by Kate O'Harra's challenging the fat old padre, Don Joaquim, and all who dared to run her a race. Father Anselmo, Don Joaquim, Dona Anita, half our party, and nearly every soul of the Villa Verdians, young and old promptly accepted the banter, and off they went—*en masse, hilarieter*—hurrah! everybody entering heartily into the spirit of the novel contest.

Kate led the race very cleverly a few rods, closely followed by Don Joaquim, who had a pair of legs like a sand-hill crane's. Then our wild Irish girl made a misstep and tumbled—Don Joaquim tripped and fell on top of Kate; Arthur Esaling ran over and ran down, fairly submerging Dona Anita—the fat old priest went headlong over Dona Angela, she fluttering like a winged canvass back, and the padre spouting and blowing like a gallied grampus. Before any one had achieved half the distance three-fourths of the entire party were down, swimming, squalling, swearing—all in an interminable tangle, and such a saturnalia Aqua-plata nor the Villa Verdians, or indeed any one else ever saw before.

However in all the ludicrous mishaps there was no harm done, and some good certainly, as a good many who required it got well washed, and so the mischief terminated with a general ha! ha! and three hearty vivas for Mrs. Kate O'Harra.

Our second day's sport was in the shooting line, and though a peculiar variety of very good game birds were to be found in great numbers all around the lake and its many estuaries, and so fearless of man that I think if we had been armed with long sticks, such as our "whippers-in" had used for driving fish, we could have beaten down as much game as we could carry, we were nevertheless unsuccessful. For our poor luck in bagging game there were two good and sufficient reasons. The first of these was that though the majority of us were crack rifle shots, bird shooting and fowling pieces were not among our accomplishments. The second difficulty lay with the birds themselves—a queer, long-legged, bob-tailed biped, as fair a cross as can be so far as shape is concerned, between a snipe, woodpecker and prairie chicken—in color precisely like a bronze turkey in size and quality of flesh, equal to a two-thirds grown Dorking pullet, and in habits only like itself—*el Natrina*. As no naturalist or ornithologist has yet caught, classed, and christened the bird by a long Latin baptism, I give here its popular Peruvian name, which Englished, signifies simply *Wader*.—Coming back to the difficulty in shooting the Natrina, in the first place one can scarcely ever see one till he "puts up," and then he flies zig zag so like lightning that it must be a quick hand and keen eye that can draw a sight on one in flight, and at the very wink when you are going to pull—*vip*—he anticipates your intentions and drops out of sight quicker than the flash, and is up again and gone before you can think.

In learning to prepare first-class cocoa we were more successful than in hunting Natrinas. In its natural condition cocoa, or the seeds from which cocoa is made, differ as widely in quality as apples or potatoes. That of the upper regions of the Guayaquil in Equador being very good, that of the interior of Southern Peru generally better, and that which we found produced between Cuzco and Tambobamba the best we had ever seen anywhere. There is cocoa manufactured in several of these interior sections of Peru, worth an "*ounce*" ($17) per pound; the value being not so much upon the raw material as upon the labor expended in making it. There are professional cocoa makers called Cocoachieros, who itinerate through the country, making the preparation of the paste a lucrative avocation. One of these—a real artist in his line—we employed as a teacher, and all of us followed him through a regular cocoa course. It was not complicated, or anything elaborate, but something tedious to such as had always been in the habit of doing things off hand in a hurry.

The seeds of the cocoa fruit, which in its ripe state resembles most a large seed cucumber, being removed from the pulp and thoroughly dried, are kept in a dry place, and when the *Cocoachiero* begins to manufacture, he takes, say a pound of seeds, and heats them hot, but does not roast them, in a clay or *adobe* oven. Then operating, with a handful at a time, he first picks them carefully over, throwing out every unsound or deformed seed. Then, after beating them as fine as ordinary corn meal in his mortar, he adds a little sugar or pure honey, a pinch of mace, grates in a quarter of a nutmeg, and pelts away again until he has beaten the mass to an impalpable paste. Then another handful of hot seeds is added and the seasoning and pounding repeated. So he goes on, little and by little, a faithful day's labor producing a pound of very good cocoa, which being a soft oily paste, cannot be run into brickbat cakes, like the stuff made in the United States, England and France, by courtesy called cocoa, but is put up in jars, kept closely covered, and when wanted for use dips out with a spoon like pure lard.

Several of our cocoa mills, or indeed any set of good French burr stones, will grind cocoa seeds as well as the best *Cocoachiero* in Peru can beat them in a mortar, and by observing his rules otherwise, we might have a cocoa in the United States very nearly as good as any in Peru. But then it would not pay nearly so well as damaged flour and rancid lard made into first-class cocoa.

☞ INCREASE OF FEMALE PREACHING.—Female evangelists appear to be on the increase in England. In addition to Mrs. Thistlethwaite and Mrs. Booth, who occasionally address congregations in London, Miss Macfarlane has been holding services at the Polytechnic Institution: Miss Octavia Jary has been addressing large congregations at Atherstone; Miss Geraldine Hooper, besides "her usual ministrations at Bath," has been holding services at various other places; and Miss J. L. Armstrong has been preaching at Arbroath and Dundee.

☞ THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.—The Oxford (Miss.) Falcon says: "We are informed that in consequence of the high charges for board, a number of the students of our University have formed messes and purchased provisions, and cook for themselves. The most of them have been soldiers, and doubtless understand the matter well."

☞ A man was recently blessed by an addition to his household, which came "like a thief in the night." The next morning the happy father took his four-year-old boy to the upper room, to see the little brother, who, having never perused Catlin's work—"Keep Your Mouth Shut,"—was quietly enjoying his first morning nap with his little mouth open. All were quietly watching the elder brother, and desirous to catch his first observation. With eyes firmly fixed at the new comer, and with a countenance showing trouble within, after a few moments of silence, he defiantly exclaimed, "I should like to know who pulled out the baby's teeth."

☞ Jones was travelling with his wife, and (for a freak) was so gallant in his behaviour to his own *cara sposa* that madam became uneasy and remonstrated against his attentions as too marked for public observation. "The deuce," said Jones, "we're married, I suppose?" "Yes," said the lady, "but judging by your deportment, folks will think we ain't." "Well, what of it?" said Jones. "Why, not much certainly, for you," said the careful dame; "you are a man; we women have our characters to take care of." Jones was shocked into propriety for the rest of the journey.

☞ Mr. William E. Kettles, of Fall River, extensively known as one of the finest telegraph operators in the country, and by many considered as the "champion telegrapher," was not a little amused by a fellow lightning-picker of the Quaker City propounding for his solution a conundrum, to which he gives publicity, notwithstanding the joke is at his own expense. He was asked "Why Bridget in the kitchen is the best telegrapher in the United States?" and upon giving it up was told that she was so because she wiped out kettles. To which reply Mr. K. could only ejaculate, "Personal, but correct."

☞ London despatches of Saturday *evening* were received in Boston at two o'clock Saturday *afternoon*—the cable beating the sun several hours.

☞ During a recent trial in New York it was declared by counsel that no fashionable woman could preserve her position in society with less than twenty costly dresses.

☞ A gawky country lad, while being interrogated on the witness stand in a Justice of the Peace's office, in Columbus, Ohio, last Friday, became disgusted with his legal questioners, put on his hat, declared "it is all foolishness," straddled from the room, and mounting his horse that stood near at hand, made good his escape, though hotly pursued by several constables.

☞ Among the curiosities promised for the approaching Exhibition are floating islands on the Seine at Billancourt, such as may be seen on the great lakes in China. The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire construct immense bamboo rafts, on which a layer of earth is spread, and this being planted, soon forms a vast field covered with vegetation. The man erects his tent in the centre, and then trusts himself and his family to the waters. This moving oasis generally drifts about at the mercy of the winds, but if required to be directed is provided with masts and sails, or with cables and anchors for rendering it stationary.

☞ Mr. Spencer was the artist who cut the first die for our American coin. He cut an exact medallion of Mrs. Washington, the wife of General Washington, and the first few coins were struck with her portrait. When General Washington saw them he was displeased, and requested the figure to be removed. Mr. Spencer altered the features a little, and putting a cap upon its head called it the Goddess of Liberty. If future artists will bear this in mind, they will always take Mrs. Washington's portrait for their guide when wishing to produce the goddess.

☞ A Hanoverian counselor lately committed hydraulic suicide by loading a pistol with a stout wad, filling the barrel with water, and placing the weapon against his head. When the explosion occurred it blew out his brains.

☞ Two persons of a satiric turn met a neighbor, and said:—"Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most knave or fool." The man took each of the querists by the arm, so that he was in the middle. "Truth," said he, "I believe I am between both."

☞ The steamship Mississippi, which sailed on Saturday for Havre, had a cargo of 400 tons of goods for the Exposition, including a colossal curiosity, in the shape of a lump of anthracite coal from the Keystone State, weighing six tons, the biggest lump ever dug out, it is supposed, in this or any other country.

☞ In Hartford, a few days since, a young man was fined $23 50 for hugging and kissing two girls, after being told that "it was against their principles."

☞ Several deaths of persons having flowers in their bedchambers have occurred in Paris. Paralysis, or brain fever, was excited in the patients.

☞ A man who lives on the interest of his money, may be said to rest on his owers.

The Schoolmaster.

The following sketch could probably find its counterpart in other parts of the country, besides Missouri:—

[From the St. Genevieve (Mo.) Representative.]

The rural districts develope some odd and rare characters. Profound ignorance is sometimes to be pitied; while at other times it assumes such a groteesque and indicrous character that it would excite the merriment of old Cerberus himself.

We have lately come into possession of the facts of a case which transpired somewhere in south-east Missouri, that are too good to go unpublished.

A certain "Knight of the Birchen Rod" wishing to obtain a certificate as a school teacher, as required by the General Statutes of Missouri, called upon the Superintendent of Common Schools, not long since, when the following dialogue took place:—

"Good-morning, Mr. Superintendent."

"Good-morning, sir; walk in and take a chair."

"You see, Mr., I'm a schoolin' it, out in my settlement, and have been fur risin' fifteen year, and I want a stifficate to keep a doin'."

"All right, sir, I'm ready to grant the certificate; but, before doing so, I must examine you as to your competency."

"Now, look a here, 'taint no use for to examine me, fur as I sed afore, I've been a schoolin' it risin' fifteen year."

"Yes, sir; that may all be, but the law requires me to examine you before issuing the certificate, and I must do my duty."

"'Taint no use—I never was examined in this way, and I have a heap of stifficates, and can fetch them to you."

"Never mind the certificates; you must be examined as to your qualifications, or the certificate cannot be issued."

"Well, but it's mary bit of use. I have been—"

"Never mind that; what branches do you teach in your school?"

"Oh, readin', spellin', writin' and figgerin'."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; the folks out thar don't want any thing else. They're down on high schoolin'."

"Don't you teach grammar?"

"Oh, no; the folks are down on grammar larnin'."

"Don't some of your scholars want to study grammar?"

"Nary one. 'Bout five years ago one of old man Hemphill's gals tuk a notion to study grammar, but in 'bout two weeks she gin it up."

"Well, it is necessary that you, as a teacher, should have some knowledge of grammar, and I must examine you in that branch."

"Well, now, that's no use—the folks don't want that kind of larnin'."

"Very likely. But can you tell me how many parts of speech there are?"

"Well, now, let me see; I declare it has slipped my memory. I don't just recollect. But, any how, grammar is superflew-ous."

"Can't you give a guess?"

"Well, I should say about two."

"That won't do; guess again."

"Well, at furdest, I should say four."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, as near as I can recollect, it mought be, and it moughtent."

"Now, sir, tell me what is English grammar?"

"As near as I can recollect, it's a smallish book, 'bout so long [measuring with his hand,] and 'bout half an inch thick."

"Did you ever see Kirkham or Pinney?"

"No, sir, they never lived in our settlement."

"Do you know any thing about Bullion or Smith?"

"Oh, yes, I've heam tell a heap of 'Old Bullion,' but I never saw him. I voted for him once, but he took the Abolition chute afterwards, and I was powerful sorry I voted for him. As for Smith, he lives across the run, 'bout two miles from my house. His boys go to school to me."

"Very well. What is geography?"

"Don't use any in my school, but if I don't disremember I seed some in town, and they're 'bout the size of a chunk of shingle."

"Which is the largest river in the world?"

"The Mississippi, of course."

"What is the shape of the earth?"

"Well, in our region, it's right smart hilly, but further down it's flat and swampish."

"Which is the highest mountain in the world?"

"Pilot Knobb."

"Very well. Now, sir, you say that in your school you only teach reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic."

"No, sir; I didn't say I learned 'em rethmetic, I only learns 'em readin', spellin', writin' and figgerin'."

"Exactly. Now, sir, after your scholars have gone through the spelling-books and readers, what do you do then?"

"I turns 'em back."

"So you keep them at the same books all the time?"

"Yes, sir; there's nothing like layin' the foundation well, and I turns 'em back till they finishes their schoolin'."

"Just so. Now, sir, it seems to me that you are a little rusty in some of the branches, and before I can give you a certificate you must study a little, and become better posted."

"Now, I don't see as I can, for I've got a power of work on hand, and the old woman has a risin' on her finger, and John has a boilin' on his left foot, which gives me more'n I can see to. Besides, the people don't want that kind of teachin', and it would be a mighty pity to keep the children out of school now, fur they're most uncommon bad off fur schoolin'."

"Very well, I will take the matter under advisement, and you can call again in ten days."

So the native educator departed, not altogether disconsolate. The originality of the answers of this pedagogue eclipse Shakespeare's celebrated Sir Hugh Evans, who "smelt false Latin," and overtops the grandiloquent nonsense displayed in the high court of Mr. Justice Dogberry.

☞ There is at the present time residing in the family of a Mr. Bergen, a few miles east of Jamaica, New York, a colored woman 106 years of age. This woman was formerly a slave, and has been with the family since her birth. Her skull has become soft, so that her head appears to be but a mass of pulp. A physician who visited her a few days since stated that he could squeeze it with his hand the same as he could a piece of sponge. She still retains her sight and hearing, and is jovial and happy, and to all appearances will live for some years to come.

☞ An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

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Nihil Fit.

I wonder who young Nihil fit,
And where it was he fit, and when;
I'd know just how the fight went on,
And if young Nihil licked his man.

Did Nihil let go with his right?
Did t'other punch him in the gob!
Did Nihil bore him to the ropes?
And counter on the fellow's nob?

In vain is all my questioning—
A true account was never writ;
And all that I can ever know
Is simply this—that Nihil fit!

☞ Parson B—— is an earnest disciple of the church militant, beloved and respected by all. One Sabbath not long since, an unusually busy week having prevented a due preparation of his Sunday sermon, he arose in the morning and fell vigorously at work upon it. Breakfast and the labors of the toilet were dispatched mechanically, his mind still intent upon the labor in hand, and when the hour of service approached he came down stairs properly arrayed as he supposed for the occasion, meeting his wife at the door, who asked his destination. "Why, to church, of course," was the reply. "Well!" said she, "I think you had best put on your breeches first." In his self-forgetfulness the good brother was actually going to the house of God minus his inexpressibles.

☞ A curious instance of the ruling passion, strong in death, is found in the case of the late Judge Merrick, of Boston. He was playing a game of chess at the house of a friend when the fatal paralysis seized his hand, so that he could not move the pieces; but he played the game through, and won it, his opponent moving the pieces by his direction.

☞ The Sandusky (Ohio) Register says that the keel for a new steamer is about to be laid in one of the yards at that port. A novelty in shipbuilding will be attempted. The boiler has been placed in position, and the vessel will be built around it, the timbers being put together in such a manner that the work can proceed in the ordinary way. When the vessel is ready to launch the boiler will be in its place.

☞ A man in Chicago married, got into a quarrel with his new wife, and secured a divorce, all within four hours. This will make an interesting item for the family Bible of either party—if either party has a Bible.

☞ A boy in Hartford city, Indiana, lost his life by getting a grain of corn fast in his throat, the seventh instance of the kind that has happened in that location within six months.

☞ Punch says a friend who has seen a great many presentations of plate, is anxious to know whether the speeches made upon such occasions are the origin of the word "plate-i-tudes."

☞ "No Cards" are affixed to marriage notices because the parties played all their cards before marriage. This is a new theory, and will be generally accepted.

☞ BAD.—"Oh, I'm dead! I'm dead!" blubbered a little fellow the other day, as he ran into the house.

"What's the matter, my dear?" inquired the affrighted mother.

"Oh, I ran against a fence and stuck a *knot-hole* in my trowsers."

OLIVIA.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

What are the long waves singing, so mournfully, evermore?
What are they singing so mournfully, as they weep on the sandy shore?
"Olivia, oh, Olivia!"—what else can it seem to be?
'Olivia, lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"
"Olivia, lost Olivia!"—what else can the sad song be?
—"Weep and mourn, she will not return, she cannot return to thee!"

And strange it is, when the low wind sighs, and when the loud winds blow,
In the rustle of trees, in the roar of the storm, in the sleepiest streamlet's flow,
Forever, from ocean or river, ariseth the same sad moan:
—"She sleeps, let her sleep, wake her not—it were best she should rest—and alone."
Forever the same sad requiem comes up from the sorrowful sea.
For the lovely, the lost Olivia, who cannot return to me!

Alas! I fear 'tis not in the air, or the sea, or the trees, that strain,
I fear 'tis a wrung heart-aching, and the throb of a tortured brain,
And the shivering whisper of startled leaves, and the sob of the waves as they roll,
I fear they are only the echo of the song of a suffering soul—
Are only the passionless echo of the voice that is ever with me,
—"The loved, the lost Olivia, will never return to thee!

I stand in the dim gray morning, where once I stood, to mark,
Gliding away along the bay like a bird, her white winged bark:
And when, through the Golden Gate, the sunset radiance rolled,
And the tall masts melted to thinnest threads in the glowing haze of gold,
I said, "to thine arms I give her, oh kind and shining sea,
And in one long morn from this June eve, you shall let her return to me."

But the wind from the far spice islands came back and it sang with a sigh—
"The ocean is rich with the treasure it has hidden from you and the sky."
And where, amid rocks and green sea-weed the storm and the tide were at war,
The nightly-sought waste was still vacant, when I looked to the cloud and the star;
And soon the sad wind and dark ocean unceasingly sang unto me:
"The lovely, the lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"

Dim and still the landscape lies, but shadowless as heaven;
For the growing morn, and the low-west moon on everything shine even.
The ghosts of the lost have departed, that nothing can ever redeem!
And Nature, in light, sweet slumber, is dreaming her morning dream.
'Tis morn, and our Lord has awakened, and the souls of the blessed are free.
Oh come from the caves of the ocean—Olivia return unto me!"

What thrills me?—what comes near me? Do I stand on the sward alone?
Was that a light wind or a whisper?—a touch, or the pulse of a tone?
Olivia! whose spells from thy slumber, my broken heart sway and control,
At length bring'st thou death to me, dearest—or rest to my suffering soul?
No sound but the psalm of the ocean—"Bow down to the solemn decree—
"The lovely, the lost Olivia will never return to thee!"

And still are the long waves sighing, so mournfully evermore,
Are they still sighing so mournfully, as they weep on the sandy shore—
"Olivia—lost Olivia!"—so ever 'tis doomed to be—
"Olivia, lost Olivia—will never return to thee."
"Olivia, lost Olivia!—what else could the sad song be?—
"Weep and mourn, she will not return—she cannot return to thee."

Artificial Flavors.

BY DR. LANKESTER.

The chemist can now produce in his laboratory what is ordinarily produced by nature in the laboratory of the plant or fruit. One of the first things that was formed in this way was the oil of bitter almonds. You know that bitter almonds contain an oil which may be extracted from them, and has a very pleasant flavor or scent. It is used in custards, puddings, cakes, and in a variety of other ways. There are two or three substances ordinarily sold in the present day for oil of bitter almonds, which are obtained from very different sources from those from which it is manufactured in nature; there is, for instance, a substance called benzol, which is a compound of carbon 10 and hydrogenn 6. Now, this benzol can be formed artificially, just in the same way as the chemist can form either, by decomposing certain compounds, and leaving the carbon and hydrogen in the above proportion. This substance is sold in the shops under the name of benzol, benzine, and benzoline, and is probably known by some persons present on account of its being used for cleaning gloves, silk, and other things, as it possesses a greater solvent power in relation to dirt than ether or alcohol.

This benzol is obtained from coal tar, which is a most valuable substance; and although it is rejected at the gas factories, it is likely to become of most essential service to man in the manufacture of very many things. By adding nitriot acid to benzol we obtain nitro-benzol, or artificial oil of bitter almonds.

There is another substance, hippuric acid, extracted from the drainage of our cowhouses and pigstyes, which, when submitted to the action of heat, can be made into nitro-benzol; so that, as I have said in a former lecture, there is no such thing as real dirt, for dirt is merely matter not in its proper place; the elements are pure, and only have to be again reunited. Although this acid is obtained from such objectionable sources, yet its product is introduced into the most delicate soaps and applied to our faces. And this is only one of a series of similar compounds which are found naturally in plants, but which can be imitated by the art of the chemist.

There is a substance for which we in England have long been celebrated, called pear oil—in the manufacture of which no pears are used at all. There is a compound called amyl, which is produced by the decomposition of starch, and which can be got from potatoes; when united with common vinegar or acetic acid, we get a substance which cannot be distinguished from the smell of the jargonelle pear. It is with this manufactured pear oil that cheap lozenges, which are sold in the shops at a penny an ounce, are flavored. There is another of these manufactured essences called pineapple oil; it is introduced into a variety of forms of confectionary, and in this case we have our old friend ether coming in again. You have all smelt rancid butter, which has been long kept; distil that rancid butter and you will obtain butyric acid, mix that with ethyle and it becomes pineapple flavor. Now, nature has done the same thing; there has been a manufacture of butyric acid and ethyle going on within that beautiful fruit which we can the pineapple, and the flavor is the same in the one case as the other. It is this butyric ether which gives the flavour to rum.

Then there is the oil of apples. There is an acid in the substance known by the name of valerian, which has an exceedingly unpleasant smell. There are things which for a moment are exceedingly pleasant, but by taking too much they become exceedingly unpleasant. Valerian is a substance of this kind. It contains valerianic acid, and that combined with the oxide of amyl constitutes what we know by the name of apple oil, which is used for flavoring confectionary. The pleasant taste of the apple is produced in that way. Now, this oxide of amyl can be got from potatoes, coal tar, and other substances, so that there is no difficulty in making these oils, and so many of them have been made, that we shall soon have no difficulty in procuring them, without having recourse to the vegetable kingdom. That these things are composed of carbon and hydrogen may be discovered in a variety of ways. By their inflammability, for instance. You may take them and burn them as you would spirits of wine in a spirit lamp, and the result will be carbonic acid and water, from the union of the carbon and hydrogen with the oxygen of the air.

You see what an interesting field of inquiry this branch of chemistry opens up; but I must leave this subject, and say a word with regard to the action of these substances on the system. When taken into the stomach they act upon the nervous system as well as on the organs of taste and smell, and produce an effect upon the stomach, increasing the secretion of gastric acid, and promoting digestion. We instinctively add to most stews Cayenne pepper, and things of that kind, which act as stimulants to the stomach—they act as alcohol and stimulate the nervous system. Persons can get tipsy upon oil of cinnamon and oil of cloves, just as they can upon hydrated oxide of ethyle. For instance, there is a *liqueur* which has lately become celebrated on account of its killing so many Frenchmen—it is called absinthe, and is prepared from wormwood. The wormwood contains a volatile oil, which not only acts as a stimulant to the stomach, but also has a narcotic effect upon the nervous system; and a distinguished French chemist, the newspapers inform us, has just discovered that this wormwood contains seventeen deadly principles, any one of which would kill an individual who would venture to take it. Absinthe contains, however, as much as 20 per cent. of alcohol; and perhaps the pernicious effect of this liqueur may be traced as satisfactorily to the alcohol as to the volatile oils it contains.

Brigham Young's Wives.

FROM HEPWORTH DIXON'S NEW BOOK.

It is the fashion of every pious old lady in this community, who may have lost her husband by death, to implore the bishop of her ward to take measures for getting her sealed to one of these three Presidents. Young is, of course, the favorite of such widows; and it is said that he never makes a journey from the Beehive without being called upon to indulge one of these poor creatures in her wish. Hence, a great many women hold the nominal rank of his wife whom he has scarcely ever seen, and with whom he has never held the relations of a husband, as we in Europe should understand the term. The actual wives of Brigham Young, the women who live in his houses—in the Beehive, in the Lion House, in the White Cottage—who are the mothers of his children, are twelve, or about twelve in number. The queen of all is the first wife, Mary Ann Angell, an aged lady, whose five children—three sons, two daughters—are now grown up. She lives in the White Cottage, the first house ever built in Salt Lake Valley. Joseph and Brigham, her eldest sons, chiefs of their race, are already renowned in missionary labors. Sister Alice, her eldest daughter, is my friehd—on the stage. The most famous, perhaps, of these ladies is Eliza Snow, the poetess, a lady universally respected for her fine character, universally applauded for her fine talents. About fifty years old, with silver hair, dark eyes, and noble aspect—simple in attire, calm, lady-like, rather cold—Eliza is the exact reverse to any imaginary light of the harem. I am led to believe that she is not a wife to Young in the sense of our canon; she is always called Miss Eliza; in fact, the Mormon rite of sealing a woman to a man implies other relations than our Gentile rite of marriage; and it is only by a wide perversion of terms that the female Saints who may be sealed to a man are called his wives. Sister Eliza lives in the Lion House, in a pretty room, on the second floor, overlooking the Oquirrh mountains, the Valley, the river Jordon, and the Salt Lake; a poet's prospect, in which form and color, sky and land and water, melt and fuse into a glory without end. Young's less distinguished partners are: Sister Lucy, by whom he has eight children; Sister Clara, by whom he has three children; Sister Zina, a poetess and teacher (formerly the wife of Dr. Jacobs,) by whom he has three children; Sister Amelia, an old servant of Joseph, by whom he has four children; Sister Eliza (2), an English girl (the only English woman in the Prophet's house,) by whom he is said to have four or five children; Sister Margaret, by whom he has three or four children; Sister Emiline, often called the favorite, by whom he has eight children. Young himself tells me that he has never had, and never will have, a favorite in his house, since desires and preferences of the flesh have no part in the family arrangements of the Saints.

Thoughts.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF HORACE MANN.

Man is improvable. Some people think he is only a machine, and that the only difference between a man and a mill is, that one is carried by blood and the other by water.

We want pillars, not pipe-stems. We want men who will never use the rod of the oppressor, nor bear the touch of his heel.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be truth.

Insult not another for his want of the talent you possess; he may have talents which you want.

Reproof is a medicine, like mercury or opium; if it be improperly administered, it will do harm instead of good.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence—the other from pride or fear.

Some people are as incapable of seeing but one side of a subject, as the flounder and turbot tribes among fishes, which, having both eyes placed on one side of their heads, are able to see but one way.

Be sure of the fact, before you lose time in searching for a cause.

If you have a friend that will reprove your faults and foibles, consider you enjoy a blessing which the king upon his throne cannot have.

Do not think of knocking out another person's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago.

There is hardly any bodily blemish which a winning behavior will not conceal, or make tolerable; and there is no external grace which ill-nature or affectation will not deform.

Do well, but do not boast of it, for that will lessen the commendation you might otherwise have deserved.

If you can express yourself so as to be perfectly understood in ten words, never use a dozen.

Nature *in russet* is more agreeable than affectation *in embroidery*.

There are some disputers, who, after trying all sophistry in vain, call to their aid the supernatural.

It is more difficult, and calls for higher energies of soul, to live a martyr than to die one.

Things impossible and inconceivable;—that a thing should be and should not be at the same time; part equal to the whole; that two straight lines should enclose space; effect without a cause; *space* unnecessary to the existence of matter; or *time* to the succession of events.

Some people's thoughts never take their places one behind another: they attack not with a well-disciplined and compact column, but with a rabble of ideas.

All mental growth is organization, not accretion; it comes from within outwards, and does not consist in enlargement by external application—aggregation.

The Sunny Side.

We advise everybody to live on the sunny side of their houses. The room in which the family spends most of its time should be on the side on which the sun can find its way into it. Let the parlor, if it be seldom used, be on the shady side. We observe that there is not a cottager so ignorant that she will not set her plants, if she has taste enough to grow them, in the east window in morning, and at noon carry them to a south window, and in the afternoon put them in the west window. But perhaps she is careful to keep her children in the shade, and her precious self, so far as possible, out of the rays of the sun. The plants, in obedience to natural law, are kept healthy, while the children and mother, being kept in the shade, suffer in consequence.

Light is beginning to be considered a great curative agent. The chief advantage in going to the country is to get into the sunshine, and to be in the pure breezes. If we desire merely to keep cool, we should stay in the shady city. People talk of "hot walls" and "burning pavements;" it is much hotter in the country, for the breezes that play there in midday only bring heated air in from out doors. But in the city the breeze brings air in from the shady side of the street, and the lower rooms of a city house are much cooler in midday than the exposed houses of the country.

Parents can do nothing better for their puny, sick boys than to put them on a farm for two or three summers, and let the sun bathe them the livelong day. They will, by such a life, grow rapidly, and become tough, brawny, and broad. We have seen this tried to the highest advantage in more than one instance under our advice.

The Progress of Vegetation.

One of the most remarkable things in the general movement of nature, which is continually going on, is the manner in which certain plants accompany man in all his wanderings, and are only found in the path of his footsteps. The nutritious grasses he has voluntarily carried with him round the world. Of these barley is the most widely spread, being known from the utmost boundary of culture in Lapland down to the elevated plains near the equator. But man has also invariably been compelled to take along with him a whole rabble of weeds, thorns and thistles. These plants seem to attach themselves to the lord of creation and follow him wherever he goes and makes a habitation. They always settle around his house, near to his stable, or luxuriate on his dunghill. Travellers can thus trace, as the celebrated Augustin St. Hilaire did in Brazil, by the mere presence of weeds, even in the midst of a desert, the place of abandoned and utterly destroyed settlements. Stranger still is it, that the different races of men have different kinds of weeds following in their wake, so that a careful observer can, in travelling, see at once, by merely noticing the prevailing weeds, whether Europeans or Asiatics, Germans or Slaves, Negroes or Indians, have dwelt at certain places. It was not without good reason, then, that some of our Indian tribes called the common plantain in their language "the white man's footstep." A simple but distinct vetch marks in like manner, even now, long after the entire abandonment of the land, the former dwelling places of Norwegian colonists in Greenland, and the deadly nightshade has followed the gipsies from India throughout all their wanderings. Bayard Taylor in his "Trip to Colorado," noticing the profusion of sunflowers—not an indigenous growth—says "from Fort Riley to the Rocky Mountains, wherever a wagon has made a rut in the soil, there springs up a rank hedge of this plant. The pig-weed, horse-weed, and *datura stramonium* are also rapidly advancing westward. I found them some distance this side of Fort Ellsworth." So it seems that weeds, like human vices, ever mark the conquest of man over the realms of nature.

Brain-Labor and Stimulants.

An article has been going the rounds of the papers, of late, purporting to show how soon the labor of the brain breaks down the health of men devoted to learning and literature. A close investigation of the matter will show that the neglect of the ordinary laws of health, and the use of stimulants, have more to do with the premature decay of such men than the excess of mental labor. We had, a short time since, a long list of French authors, who have fallen into premature decay. Now, a Paris correspondent of one of the London journals takes up the question long mooted in regard to the effect of hard brain-labor on longevity. He notices that most of the talented men of France reach a mature age.

Look, for instance, at some of the men of the Academie Francaise. M. Viennet, although 89 years of age, is yet in the full enjoyment of his intellectual faculties. M. de Segur, at 86, is as alive to all that is going forward as he was thirty years ago; de Pongerville, 78, completed the other day the revision of his fine translation of "Lucretia," the fourth edition of which has just appeared; Lebrun, at 82, is as hale as ever. Villemain, the father of the Academy, whose election took place in 1821, is 76; every now and then we hear of his being seriously ill, but for all that he has not the remotest idea of either vacating his fauteuil or of giving up his functions of perpetual secretary, which he fulfills with the most assiduous punctuality. Lamartine is 76, yet his step is elastic, and he holds himself as upright as when he saved the country from republicanism in 1848. Flourens, 78, has been ill for ten years, yet attends regularly. Count Charles de Montalembert, and Ponsard, the popular poet—although both ill—are still in the full possession of their brilliant faculties. M. Guizot, 79, and M. Thiers, 69, still represent the July monarchy with all their wonted vigor, and each of these veteran Orleanist statesmen enjoy robust health. Berryer, 74, the staunch legitimist, is as bright and active as any man of his age; Victor Cousin, the delightful biographer of the celebrated women of Louis XIV's time, although suffering from chest disease, preserves his health by an annual visit to Cannes during the winter. The Duke de Broglie, 82, son-in-law to Madame de Stael, is still as polished and strong as though he were made of steel.

The great English statesman, Pitt, is usually put down as an instance of the breaking down of a great intellect under severe toil. One of his biographers says: That Minister who, for nearly a quarter of a century, guided the helm of the State, and weathered the storms which assailed him, died in 1806, on the anniversary of the day on which, twenty-four years previously, he had pronounced in Parliament his first speech, which made him the Prime Minister of the country. In the latter years of his life he was broken down by political reverses and by illness, as well as by the fatigue of perpetual intellectual exertion. Almost continually suffering from affection of the stomach, which deprived him of all appetite, he had accustomed himself to seek in the immoderate use of wine, a stimulus of the physical strength, perhaps, a momentary release from mental suffering. In allowing the habit to gain on him more and more, and assume the character of an imperious want, he completed the ruin of his already shaken constitution, although his powerful energetic faculties struggled energetically to the last against its decay. His inflamed countenance, the profound alteration in his features, formerly noble and calm, revealed sadly to all eyes the melancholy change in his habits. Austerlitz is said to have killed him.

Smothering with Sweets.

Heliogabalus, the Roman Emperor, was weary of being but the obedient functionary of the Senate; he wished to rule, and to have that power which the Senate claimed as its own. He kept his ambitious desires to himself, however, and showed the Senators a contented and submissive face. One day he invited them to a splendid feast at his villa; he placed before them the most costly meats and the choicest wines. They were sitting around this luxurious table, somewhat excited by drink, when the Emperor rose and said with a peculiar smile: "I must go now to prepare for you an agreeable surprise and practical joke, which you will confess has the merit of originality." He left the room, and the tipsy Senators did not observe that the doors were locked and bolted from without. They continued to drink and sing merrily; suddenly a glass door in the ceiling was opened, and the voice of Heliogabalus was heard saying: "You were never satisfied with your power and glory, you were always aspiring after new laurels; this noble thirst shall now be satisfied." A torrent of laural wreaths and branches now fell upon the Senators. At first they laughed and snatched jestingly at the flying laurels. The most exquisite flowers were now added, and there seemed to be no end to the pelting storm. They cried out, "Enough, enough," in vain; the wreaths and bouquets still poured upon them in unceasing streams; the floor was literally a bed of roses. At last terror took possession of them; they wished to escape, and rushed to the doors, but they were immovable. Through the sea of flowers, which already reached their knees, they waded to the window, but they were in the second story, and below they saw the Roman legions with their sharp weapons pointed in the air. Flight was impossible; they pleaded wildly for mercy, but the inexorable stream of flowers continued to flow. Higher and higher rose the walls around them; they could no longer even plead for pity; they were literally buried in laurels. At last nothing was to be seen but a vast bed of roses, of which not even a fragrant leaf was stirred by a passing breeze. Heliogabalus had not murdered his Senators; he had suffocated them with sweets, that was all.—*Frederick the Great and his Court.*

☞ A CLOSE TRANSLATION.—A country gentleman, wishing to be civil to Dr. B——, a translator of Juvenal, said, "What particularly convinces me of the faithfulness of your translation is, that in places, where I do not understand Juvenal, I likewise do not understand you."

☞ The young man to whom "the world owes a living" has been turned out of doors—the landlord not being willing to bear the indebtedness of the world on his shoulders.

A CHILD OF EARTH.

His hands with earthly work are done,
His feet are done with roving;
We bring him now to thee and ask
The loved to take the loving.

Part back thy mantle, fringed with green,
Broidered with leaf and blossom,
And lay him tenderly to sleep,
Dear Earth, upon thy bosom.

Thy cheerful birds, thy liberal flowers,
Thy woods and waters only
Gave him their sweet companionship
And made his hours less lonely.

Though friendship never blest his way,
And love denied her blisses;
No flower concealed her face from him,
No wind withheld her kisses.

Not man hath sighed, nor woman wept
To go their ways without him;
So, lying here, he still will have
His truest friends about him.

Then part thy mantle, fringed with green,
Broidered with leaf and blossom,
And lay him tenderly to sleep,
Dear Earth, upon thy bosom.

The "German."

In answer to several correspondents, we give the following description of the comparatively new and fashionable dance known as the "German." It is customary, when a lady contemplates giving a large "German," to invite a gentleman friend, known to be a good dancer, some days previous, to lead; and he, having accepted the invitation, can introduce his own figures in the dance. Some figures are danced with flags, bells, flowers, &c. Gentlemen who go out a great deal in society usually have their own flags, bells and badges, which they lend when invited to lead.

To dance the "German" every gentleman chooses a partner, and they sit in couples, until forming a large ring around the room. Every figure is commenced by the leading couple at the head of the set, and, at a signal from the leader, one, two or three other couples start at the same time. The couple called up usually dance a short galop or waltz, and then form the figure as the leader directs, each figure being closed by another galop or waltz, lasting about a minute. The first figure may be thus described:

The leading couple start with a few turns of the galop. They then separate in the middle of the floor. The gentleman chooses two ladies from the ring, and the lady two gentlemen. They then place themselves opposite each other, in the centre of the room; on one side, the gentleman, between two ladies, and on the other the lady between two gentlemen. The next movement is "forward and back," twice. The leader then elevates his hands, holding those of the ladies on each side, thus forming two arches, through which the opposite two ladies pass. In this way all "balance," then the hands are let go, the leading lady stepping between the two ladies, and the leader between the two gentlemen. Then follows the "grand chain," and at a sign from the leader, each gentleman dances a galop with the lady whom he holds by the right hand, and at the close of which all return to their seats. This figure is repeated by all the couples in turn.

If the "German" be a large one, three couples may be started at the same time. The step in the figure is a choix, more persons walking than dancing it, the time of the music being almost entirely disregarded. Not so, however, with the galop or waltz which precedes and terminates it. After each couple in the ring have danced the figure, the leader stops the music. An intermission of five minutes takes place, when the signal is given for the second figure. Each figure is generally so contrived that no one knows with whom he is going to close it, and, in some cases, there is a regular scramble for partners. In choosing them, the inclinations of the parties become pretty clearly developed, the young ladies always managing to place themselves in the way of the partner they prefer above all others. Anxious match making mothers usually watch this part of the dance with interest. After a season of the "German" there is no difficulty in deciding what more serious engagements are in prospect. There are many other beautiful figures, some of which we may describe at a future time.

Economical Living Abroad.

It is estimated that there are now twenty-five thousand American families living in continental Europe, mostly on account of the superior cheapness and comforts of residence there when prices at home remain at the present standard. A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Munich, says that a suite of four rooms at a first class hotel there can be had at $1.40 a day; here it would be more than ten times as much. A broadcloth suit of clothes can be had for $24, and a pair of dress boots for $3; kid gloves are forty cents a pair. The cost of housekeeping is incredibly low. Nineteen-twentieths of the population live in hired apartments; and whole floors, with ten or twelve rooms, can be had for $400 a year. The other household expenses of a large family do not average $50 a month. Good cooks and chambermaids are content with $20 or $30 a year. Tickets to the opera are only seventy cents each, and to concerts thirty cents for the "classical" and eight cents for the "popular" class of entertainments. The price of provisions is fixed once a month by the police; beef is now eleven cents a pound. All this is in a city the size of Boston. In some of the smaller German towns the rates are lower, and in cities like Paris, Florence and Naples, they are higher than these figures.

A CURIOUS ERROR.—A Correspondent of the Daily News points out a curious typographical error in the printing of one edition of the New Testament, where at Matthew 5: 12, the injunction is given, "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad." He says he has nothing to object to in this sentiment in itself, especially in winter time; but the line does not agree with the context, and it mars a passage of singular beauty. The edition in which this strange reading occurs is the plea 16mo, printed in 1864, and bearing on the title-page the names of those two great institutions, the Oxford University Press and the British and Foreign Bible Society.

☞ JUST SO.—"How does that look?" said Mr. Cramp, holding out his brawny hand. "That," said Amos, "looks as though you were out of soap."

THE GREAT ENCHANTER.

Sleep makes us all pashas.—*Bedouin Proverb.*

Sleep is the poor man's warmest cloak;
His treasurer to dispense
His lavish alms, and turn to gold
His scanty store of pence.

He heals the sick man in a dream,
And sets the fettered free;
He calls the beggar from his den
To golden luxury.

He crowns the hounded exile-king,
Reverses Fate's decrees;
And bids the briefless Pleader rise
Judge of the Common Pleas.

Sleep joins the parted lovers' hands;
Wreathes the starved poet's brow;
And calls the hero still unknown
From lonely village-plough.

Sleep hold the resurrection keys,
And from his shadowy plain,
Down Memory's long and cloudy vaults,
The dead come back again.

Sleep comes, like death, alike to all—
Divine equality!
Blesses the monarch in his state,
The slave upon the sea.

Sleep brings our childhood back again—
The only Golden Age;
Sleep! O thou blessed alchemist,
Thou holy Archimage.

A Trance in Olden Time.

Thomas Say, who lived a century ago, was a member of the society of Quakers. He was the author of several works; and also wrote the history of his own life, a biography which has always been in high esteem among those of his faith. In this is a narrative of certain psychological phenomena, which at the present time would be classed under the general head of mesmerism and self-induced magnetism. The following is an extract, in substance, from the work in question:—

"On the ninth day, between the hours of four and five, I fell into a trance, in which I remained till about three or four the next morning. After my departure from the body—for I felt that I had left the body—my father and mother, together with others, among whom was Susannah Robinson, who were watching with me, shook me and felt my pulse, but found no evidence of any remaining life in me. Dr. Kearsley, who had attended me, was sent for, and in like manner examined me and pronounced me dead; but as he was about leaving me, he turned back, saying that something impelled him to try further. After applying a glass to my mouth and finding a little moisture upon it, he said that if I was not dead I was so far gone as to be past recovery. Upon returning again to the body I spoke; and those who were sitting up with me were very much alarmed; the second time I spoke they all rose from their seats; the third time they all came to me. My father and mother questioned me about my condition, and I told them that I thought that I had died; and as I left the body and rose towards Heaven my ears were greeted with voices, the music of which threw me into transports of joy. The prospect around me, as I floated along, was arrayed in the most beautiful green. I cast my eyes back towards the earth and saw that three men of my acquaintance had died. Two of these looked white and pure; the other was not so. The three rose from their bodies, as I had done from mine. There appeared before us a transparent opening. I and one of these men came up to it and he passed in; but at the moment when I attempted to enter I came out of the trance.

"On my return to consciousness I said to my mother, 'Oh that I had made one step further, and not returned to earth again.' I desired them to say nothing to me, for I still heard the music that had so ravished me; and while I heard it I felt no pain, but when it ceased the pain returned. I told those who were with me of the death of the three men, and they sent to see if it was so. The messenger returned, saying that they were dead. One of these was a negro named Cuffee, belonging to the widow Kearney; I saw him die in the brick kitchen. When they were laying him on a board his head fell from their hands; this I saw plainly, for the walls of the house were no hindrance to my sight.

"After my recovery the widow Kearney sent for me. I told her that I had seen her negro man die while in my trance. She questioned me as to where he died. I told her it was in her brick kitchen, between the jamb of the chimney and the wall, and mentioned the circumstance of his head slipping from their hands. She replied that I was right; and asked me further if I could tell where they laid him. I replied that they had laid the body between the back door and street door, while a place was being swept under the window, where he was afterwards placed. She said that I was correct in these particulars."

On the Education of Girls.

Mr. Solly, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., Surg. St. Thomas's Hosp., Lond., says, speaking of the education of girls: "As an old physiologist I wish to give my opinion. I am quite certain that there would be less illness among the upper classes if their brains were more regularly and systematically worked." Again Dr. Aldis of London says: "I am perfectly convinced, as the result of many years' practice, that whatever tends to develope the minds of women will have the best effect on their moral and physical as well as intellectual health." Dr. Hufeland, in a work edited by Dr. Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., says: "It was the first and unalterable destiny of man, that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. He who eats without labor will never thrive. We shall find that no idler ever attained to a great age; and that those who have been distinguished for their longevity were all men whose lives had been extremely active and laborious. But mental idleness is hurtful as well as bodily, because it produces languor. What do we remark in a man who is subject to languor? He begins to yawn; this already betrays that the passage of the blood through the lungs is interrupted. The power of the heart and vessels suffers of course, and becomes too torpid. If the evil continues longer, accumulations and stoppages of the blood take place. The organs of digestion acquire a tendency to weakness, * * * all the functions are weakened and deranged. A state which disturbs the most important functions of the body, and which enfeebles power, is a shortner of life. But I think I hear one ask, What is the best remedy for languor? It accompanies us to the ball, to the playhouse, the tea-table, in our walks. In answer, there is only one, but not a very agreeable remedy for it, and that is, regular occupation."

Again, to quote from Dr. Spencer Thompson: "How common is exhilaration, or blancing, caused by town life; this, as Dr. James Johnson traces, is indicative, in the highest classes, of no avocation, in the middle and lower of unhealthy avocation. No avocation and unhealthy avocation! the one with its ennui, its indulgences, and its excitements; the other with its overwork, and anxieties, and its excitements." Dr. Leared, D.D., Oxon, and Lond., when speaking of the injury to the digestive organs caused by luxurious habits, writes thus: "Idleness, and the want of a definite pursuit in life, must rank high in the class of causes." Unfortunately doctors are sometimes too busy, or too inconsiderate, to give the whole of the subject the careful investigation it deserves. They find a child feverish and excitable, and they say, Stop the lessons. But a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and if these doctors knew more, they would find that various causes are capable of producing the same result. The strange and remarkable adventures of "Lydia Languish" may be the cause of a nervous fatigue, commonly supposed to be produced by the intensely exciting nature of French verbs or the history of England. Should the doctor, misled by the accounts given of the number of hours spent in work, prescribe absolute rest, the evil will of course be aggravated, for it is just as impossible for the brain of a child to remain inactive, as it is for any other part of its body. If a child be not occupied in healthy work, it will find some other. Exciting day-dreams and sensational novels will take the place of grammar and history; juvenile balls, of wholesome exercise.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Canine Ingratitude.

The following communication will show how the evil communications of men have corrupted the manners of dogs. Mons. Georges Guiffrey, the translator of many of the English novels published by Messrs. Hachette & Co., recently gave a party at which literary men and artists were present. Among them was Mons. H. D. Charlerie, a well known painter. Despite the terrible weather (it was one of the worst nights we have had this season; the wind blew its coldest, most piercing blasts, and the half-melted snow thrown into the face seemed to freeze the blood) he determined to walk home. There is an excitement in facing a storm, and to those fond of mournful music, the wind as it howls among chimneys and round street corners, and the pattering rain are full of melody. Mons. de la Charlerie exclaimed as he reached his studio's door:—"Great Heavens! what a night! On such a night one could not refuse hospitality even to a dog!" A whine seemed to say Amen to this charitable exclamation. He looked attentively, and there to be sure crouched a poodle dog looking in his face with those eyes of entreaty which are even more eloquent than speech, and which, if beggars—biped beggars—possessed it, would make all of us street-passers much more generous. But beggars have them not; begging extinguishes their eyes, destroys their individuality, obliterates their expression, so that even tender-hearted folks can look beggars in the face and hear their whine, and yet not be tempted to put a hand into the copper division of their purses. Dogs are not professional beggars, despite organ grinders, who make them under duress do all sorts of shabby things. The artist looked at the dog and said: "Poor fellow! Poor fellow! If my mat in the chimney-corner, a plenty of water and bread crusts can make you happy, they are at your service." The dog jumped up and began to caper for joy. The artist opened the studio door, showed the dog in (precedence is yours, sir; I'm at home) and fulfilled all he had promised. The dog was soon asleep on the mat. The artist blew out the candle and was soon trying to go to sleep, which is not an easy feat after a party. It seemed to him he heard the dog hunting and smelling about the room, but as this might be attributed to the incursions of a rat, or as it might be the canine method of going the rounds to see if "all was locked up," the artist paid little attention to these demonstrations and soon was sound asleep. About daybreak the dog woke the artist by scratching violently at the door. "Well bred dog!" thought the artist, "he refuses to sully my studio, so he takes to the street—and yet had he allowed me to make a sketch of him I should have been all the better satisfied." The artist dressed. As he was leaving his studio he felt in his pocket for his purse. He could not find it. Had it dropped on the floor? He hunted high and low. No purse; "I believe," said he at last; "I am the victim of a dog trained to steal purses. I knew dogs sold on the boulevards almost always ran back to their first master and the same dog has frequently been sold time and time again; but this is the first time I ever heard of a dog's picking a pocket." There is no question that the dog which robbed Mons. de la Charlerie was trained to steal.

Characteristic Anecdote.

I am now just finishing the picture of Lord Aberdeen. I must here relate a little incident which is rather flattering to me. We—that is, my lord and I—were speaking of the Irish, the other day; and I remarked that the more that is given in charity, the more will be expected, and illustrated my views by a story, which was this: I was riding on the top of a stage-coach, on Cape Cod, one cold February day, when I espied a flock of sheep in the field, trying hard to get something to eat from the frozen ground. I said to the stage-driver, "Is it possible these sheep run out all winter?" "Yes." "Of course they feed them?" "No," said he "they used to do so; but the farmers find when they feed them, that they won't help themselves, but only hang about the pen and bleat all day. But, if they are left to take care of themselves, they manage to get a living, and come out very well in the spring." The next time his lordship gave me a sitting, he said that he told my sheep story to Sir Robert Peel, at the Queen's table, and it struck him very forcibly.—*Chester Harding's Autobiography.*

☞ "Well, wasn't that a finished sermon we had this morning?" asked one person of another, as they came out of church. "Finished," was the reply, "yes, it was finished at last, although I began to think it never would be."

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE MYSTERIOUS RENDEZVOUS.

I had never known a darker night in my life, and I had never wandered about so long before without having some idea as to whether I was going north, south, east, or west.

After the late moon came up behind the low, thick, dripping clouds, we began to see near objects like shadows; but neither of us knew where we were, nor whether we had gone toward La Grange's, or Brandon's, or in an opposite direction, or had wandered about in a circle.

On one point, however, reflection made me pretty easy; which was, that neither Sebastian nor Blake would remain where we left them, to search for us in daylight, but rather would be off themselves, for their own protection, while the darkness should enable them to conceal their flight.

All our garments were thoroughly soaked through and clinging to us, and the rain was still beating steadily against us, when suddenly Caleb, who was walking by my side, grasped my arm, and said, in a low tone:

"Hark, Doctor! what's that?"

"I hear nothing but the storm!" I replied, coming to a halt.

"Then my ears is better'n yourn."

"Well, what do you hear?"

"There's somebody a talking, as true's you live! There! hark! don't you hear that?"

I listened intently for some time, but could detect no such sounds.

"Imagination!" said I. "That black line, just ahead of us, is a wood doubtless, and the wind is complaining to the trees."

This was a kind of poetical expression that the literal, prosaic, and practical Yankee could not comprehend at all, and he said so.

"Why, you don't s'pose the wind talks, du you, Doctor? come now!"

"Sometimes," I replied, "and I believe it has done all the talking you have heard out yonder."

"No, it haint, nother! Hark! There, now—great ginger! I hope that's plain enough!"

Sure enough I did fancy I heard something like a distant or muffled human voice, as he spoke, though I probably should not have noticed it had I been alone.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"On ahead somewhere."

"We must be careful not to fall into the hands of any prowling freebooters."

"Jerusalem! let's go back, Doctor!"

"Back where, man? I would give something to know which way is back."

"Oh, dear! what 'll become of me?" he began to whine. "I wish I'd stayed tu home in Connecticut; and I would tew, if I'd a knowed as much as I du now, I tell you—that's a fact!"

"Well, never mind Connecticut just now; but let us attend to matters not quite so far off. If that was a human voice we heard, there is somebody near us—perhaps more than one—and it may be important for us to find out who it is. It don't follow that it is an enemy because we hear it where we are. We may be near some planter's dwelling, where there are hundreds of negroes."

"That's a fact, I snum!" returned Caleb, somewhat cheerfully, catching at the unexpected hope. "We'll keep on and find out anyhow."

The voice, or whatever it was, had now ceased, and we stood and listened for a couple of minutes, hoping to hear it again.

We were not disappointed. We did hear it again, and louder than at first, and I fancied I detected two or more voices mingling together.

We went forward very cautiously, often stopping to listen.

We drew nearer to the sounds, which gradually resolved themselves into many voices, and then we grew more cautious still.

A little nearer, and we made the voices out to be those of white men—talking excitedly, if not quarrelling—though we could yet distinguish nothing of what was said.

We took hold of hands, and still went forward, gradually and slowly, step by step.

It was dark, and grew darker as we began to enter the shadows of a wood, but not the faintest glimmer of a light became visible to our straining eyes.

The voices, which had gradually been growing louder as we had advanced, now suddenly ceased, as if the speakers knew there were listeners drawing near.

We stopped under the first tree we reached, and waited and listened for several minutes. Could we have been mistaken after all?

"Wal, it's curious now, Doctor, but I'd a ben willing tu went afore a justice of the peace, and took my Bible oath—— Great g'nger, Doctor! there's a light! d'you see it?"

"Yes! yes!" I little more than whispered. "Be still now—don't speak above your breath!"

The light in question was like that of a lamp glimmering through the trees at no great distance; and from the fact that it remained stationary and did not flare, I was led to believe it shone through a window.

"Depend upon it, we are near some dwelling," I guardedly said to Caleb; "but I intend to reconnoitre it very carefully, and be sure it belongs to some honest individual, before trusting my precious person inside of it! Let us move up cautiously, and see what we can make of it."

We had advanced only a few paces, when the light suddenly disappeared.

Soon after we again heard human voices, dull and muffled, and seeming rather as if they were under us, and beneath the earth, than distant and above it.

We stopped, and I felt the Yankee's hand tremble as he laid hold of my arm.

"Doctor," he half gasped, with his mouth close to my ear, "what is it?"

"There are people about here somewhere."

"Them aint no people, Doctor, I'm afeard—no, sir! There! there! great ginger! don't you hear 'em right under us? Come, let's git out of this ere about the quickest! This ere's a haunted wood, as sure's you live, and them is ghosts, or so'thing."

"Pshaw!" returned I; "don't be a fool!"

I spoke thus to Stebbins; but I by no means felt as courageous as the words implied. There are very few human beings that are not more or less superstitious, and apt to ascribe mysterious things to supernatural powers; and, to confess the truth, I am afraid I should not have been willing to make oath that I believed the sounds I heard came from mortal lips.

While we stood listening, undecided what to do, we were startled by a heavy creaking noise near us; and then a strange thrill of fear shot through me, as I beheld a ruddy light stream up through what seemed the upheaving of the ground within six paces of me.

"Oh, Lord, save us!" ejaculated Caleb, clinging to me in terror.

The mystery was soon explained, though my fears were not diminished thereby. It was soon settled in my mind that no ghostly inhabitants were present, though there were others that might be far more dangerous to encounter. Doubtless we had stumbled upon one of the haunts of the bandits; and, should we be discovered, then farewell to hope.

A heavy trap-door—the entrance to, or exit from, some subterranean place—had been thrown open by some three or four men, one of whom held a flaming torch, that flared and sputtered in the wind and rain, and another a lighted lantern. They came forth like so many dark, shadowy phantoms, and huddled themselves together in the storm, within a few feet of us. Instinctively we shrunk back behind the nearest trees.

"Ugh!" grumbled one; "it's as dark as ——!"

"And so much the more reason for the light, for fear they'll miss their way!" said another.

"Well, boys, up with it, and let's git back!" said a third.

I could see now, by the lights they held, that a rope was dangling from one of the trees. This they laid hold of, fastened the lantern to it, ran it up to a height of some twenty feet, and secured it there, where it swung in the breeze, as a guide to any party that might be approaching within a reasonable distance. This done, they hurried back into the subterranean passage and disappeared, greatly to our relief.

"This is a rendezvous of the robbers and cutthroats!" I said to my trembling companion.

"Jehoshaphat! Jerusalem!" he returned, with a long breath; "let's git away from this ere tarnal place about the quickest."

"I should like to know where this place is, and how to find it in daylight," said I, "for it may be of the greatest importance to the Regulators. I do not think there will be much danger in remaining about here till the first streak of day, and then we can see where we go."

Stebbins was for leaving at once, but I would not consent to go, and he was afraid to venture off alone.

As the light, swinging up in the tree, would serve as a guide to us, in case we should wish to find our way back to our present locality, I proposed moving off, to see what else we could discover.

"I am inclined to think there is a house where we first saw the light," I said, "and I am disposed to go forward in that direction and ascertain."

"I'm ready tu go anywhere away from here," was his answer.

I went first, he taking hold of me and urging me to be "dreadful keerful and not run agin nobody, and not tu pitch down no pit."

About twenty rods from where we had stopped, I found a log-house. All appeared to be dark inside, though I could hear voices and laughter, sounding as if they were down below the level of the earth. Perhaps the freebooters, already collected here, were holding something of a revel in their subterranean quarters.

I now began to comprehend the matter. This log-house was probably the visible representation of some quiet, honest settler; and none, save the initiated, who saw this humble dwelling, ever dreamed that it was the rendezvous of banditti—robbers, horse-thieves, negro-stealers, counterfeiters, incendiaries, and murderers.

Here was an important discovery, if I could get away with a proper knowledge of the locality, and back to Colonel Brandon's in time to make it available to the Regulators.

As I stood listening beside the house, I do not know why, a strange and curious suspicion came upon me with startling force. Could this be the residence of Mrs. Blodget, the old woman to whom Flora Sebastian had conducted Ernest La Grange?

Perhaps there was no such person in existence; perhaps the whole story was a fabrication, to get him away with her and into her power; but might this not be the place to which she had taken him? Might he not, at this very moment, be a prisoner within these walls?

I walked carefully around the house, to ascertain its size and shape, and its number of doors and windows. It was a log-house of a superior kind, the logs being squared and well fitted together, and it was much larger than habitations of this kind usually were. It had several glass windows, and two doors, admitting from opposite sides. These were all the peculiarities I could make out in the darkness.

"I am tempted to try one of these doors and see if it is fastened," I whispered to Caleb, who had all the time been as close to me as ever was my shadow."

"Oh, no—don't du it, Doctor—for it might open!" he replied.

"And what if it should?"

"Thunderation! you wouldn't go in, would ye?"

"It would hardly be prudent, I think."

"Great ginger! I guess not! Come! let's go now—come!"

"Go where?"

"Wal, any where, so it's away from here. I tell you what 'tis, I've kind o' ben a trembling ever sence I got into this ere derned wood—I snum I have—that's a fact."

"On second thought," said I, impelled by a strong desire to explore the mystery, "I believe I will venture to try the door, and go in if I can do so with safety."

"You can't, and you're mad tu think on't!" rejoined Caleb, laying hold of me.

I have never been able to account for the almost irresistible desire that possessed me to enter that house at such a time and in such a manner, believing it to be a den of cut-throats. If my friend were there, as I half conjectured, without any reason for the suspicion, except that Flora's father was the chief of the bandits and she had drawn Ernest away with her at the very moment of their rising, and had not returned with him—if he were there, I say, what could I do for him, alone and single-handed, against a host? and would not my capture leave him more fully in their power than if I were to depart at dawn and lead the Regulators to his rescue?

Still he might not be there; and the temptation to know for a certainty, if indeed I could know, was so great that I resolved to yield to it.

After all, the door might be fast, and that would settle one point at once.

At least I would try it, and did. I raised the latch cautiously and pushed. It opened into a small room. A faint light glimmered up from below, from whence came the sound of many voices.

I drew back to speak to my frightened companion.

"Mr. Stebbins," said I, "I think I shall go in and see what I can discover. I have been led hither in a strange manner, and it may be for some purpose that will not be gained if I resist the desire that urges me on. But there is no necessity for you to accompany me. In fact I think you had better not."

"Wal, you needn't be a'feard, Doctor, for I ain't agoing tu!" he replied, in a very decided tone. "Great ginger! I wouldn't go in there now for fifty dollars—I snum to Guinea, I wouldn't."

As this was a very large sum of money in the eyes of the cautious Yankee, I knew that his resolution was pretty seriously taken.

"Now the best thing for you to do," I pursued, "is to go back to the place where we were when those men ran up the lantern, and wait for me there. Should any thing happen to prevent my return to you by the break of day, which cannot be far off, make your way back to Colonel Brandon's with all speed, and bring down the Regulators, whom you will probably find assembled there."

"Confound it all, I don't know which way to go tu find Colonel Brandon's," he said.

"Neither do I; and I am so worn down with fatigue and loss of sleep, not to mention the shock and bruises of my fall, that I fear I should not be able to get there very soon afoot."

"And not a dern hoss for us nother—for I can't tell a thing about where I left the one I rid!"

"Was it yours?" queried I, thinking the Yankee bore the loss with unusual equanimity.

"No, it was the Colonel's," he replied, quite calmly; "and if he's lost, 'taint my fault, you know; and he's rich enough not tu mind it; and besides, I's doing his business, you see."

Caleb finally agreed to do as I requested, though not till he had made another strong effort to dissuade me from my perilous purpose.

I returned to the door, pushed it open, and crossed the threshold, with more of the feelings of a midnight burglar than I should care to experience often.

I found myself in a small, dark room, with, as I have said, the glimmer of a light coming up from below. I moved forward, stealthily and noiselessly, to the point where the light was to be seen, and found it came through a nearly closed trap-door, that doubtless led down to the subterranean passage I had previously discovered.

There were men down there, talking carelessly, as if the idea of being listened to by a stranger in that place had never occurred to them.

I remained at the aperture for some half-an-hour; but during that time I scarcely made out one connected sentence, owing to the fact that several persons were speaking at the same time and on different subjects.

From what I did put together, I drew the conclusion that the men there were mostly counterfeiters, who worked at their unlawful business in the place where they were; that they were only a part of a thoroughly organized band, and that another party was expected to join them that night.

Suddenly there seemed to be an arrival, and the speakers to hurry away to meet the new comer or comers.

Was I safe where I was? Might not somebody enter the house through the same door as myself and discover me? What hope of life would I have then?

I drew back to the door and looked out.

It was still blowing and raining, but the moon had risen so as to make near objects dimly visible, and I knew I could see any person approaching before he could reach the house.

No one came, however; and hearing loud voices again speaking below, I ventured to return to the trap-door and once more place my ear to the aperture.

I started, if I did not tremble, at hearing two familiar voices—those of Sebastian and Blake. Truly this was a night of adventures to me."

"Yes," I heard Sebastian exclaim, with an oath, "the whole —— country will be roused and upon us just as soon as those Northern devils can spread the news of what took place at my house; and I shall never cease cursing myself for a —— fool for letting them get away from me! It was outrageously stupid; and if any other man had done it, I should have been tempted to blow his brains out! Surely that rascal of a doctor is my evil genius, thwarting me at every turn! But let him beware! Should he ever fall into my hands again, I shall make short work of him!"

Little he dreamed, as he said this, that I was standing almost over and within a few feet of him.

Some words were spoken now that I could not distinguish.

"Have you seen Flora?" I at length heard Sebastian inquire.

How eagerly I strained my sense of hearing to catch the answer; but I could not make it out—not a single word of it.

It was something, though, to know that he asked these men concerning his daughter—proving, as it did, what I had already conjectured, that she was in the confidence of her father in his dark deeds, and that my friend had been deliberately enticed away for her own wicked purpose.

What had become of him? and what would be done with him? I did not think his life would be sacrificed so long as Flora's mad passion for him should continue; but I knew his high-toned, fiery, impulsive nature so well, that I feared he might, when he should come to learn the truth and comprehend all, both say and do something to turn her love into hate, and then his doom would be sealed.

Had she conducted him hither? For some reason, to me yet unknown, I could not divest myself of the belief that this was the place to which she had lured him, and I would have given no little to have caught the reply to her father's question.

"Did Durang say he'd be here to-night?" I now heard asked in the voice of Blake.

"That's what I understood, sir!"

"That's why you hung up the lantern?"

"Yes, sir!"

"I don't much like that way of showing a

light, for it might attract the wrong persons here!" said Blake.

"We only show it on nights like this yere, yer honor!" replied the man; "and then it's not like there'll be stray travellers, that's not wanted, in this yere out-of-the-way place at sich times."

"Well, no harm has come of it so far; and now our time in this region is about over, I reckon; for whether our plan goes through or fails, we'll have to make tracks out of the way of them —— Regulators. So long as our Captain here held the honorable position of Lieutenant in that body, and had their confidence, and knew everything they were agoing to do, and could give us a hint in time, it was all right; but now that he's something more than suspected, I'm afraid we're in a bad way. Only two or three days more would have settled everything to our notion, and we'd have struck such a blow as would have been felt here for years to come. We could have settled every plantation for miles around, and got horses, niggers, and money enough to make us all rich."

"And is it too late now?" asked a quiet, manly voice, that I had not before heard.

"I'm afraid it is, Gartner—I'm afraid it is—though I haven't lost all hope. Something depends upon how much the Regulators have already got hold of. You see that party at Guido's house, and that —— quarrelling fool of a Spaniard, killing that man and getting caught afterward, like a stupid ass, and being recognized by Brandon, made things bad enough. We'd have got along though with all that, if we'd been ready to strike at once. But there you see was the trouble again: our forces are divided and scattered—some scouting and reconnoitering, and others not yet here that should be—Kingston, for instance, with his twenty or thirty experienced cut-throats—and Durang, with his ten or fifteen. And then, as if the devil himself was setting the fates against us, the messenger I sent to Horset, with a letter of caution, must get taken and carried to Colonel Brandon's, to be scared and pumped. By-the-way, Gartner, see that a trusty man—a man, mind ye! no nigger now—is sent off by daylight to tell Horset to come here with his men as soon as he can. He'll probably be found at the old shanty at the Three Pines. I was to have met him at the Ferry, but he didn't get my letter."

Blake now spoke in a lower tone, and I could not hear what further he said. In fact, soon after, the voices of all parties gradually died out, as if they were moving away to some distant point, and then all became as still as if the house, above and below, contained no living soul.

I was now strongly tempted to cautiously raise the trap-door and descend far enough to see how the subterranean cavern looked, but the thing seemed too much like trifling with fate. The light was still burning, and there might be some one on the watch. Besides, I fancied the dull gray of morning was beginning to drive back the black shadows of night, and, if so, it was high time for me to be leaving a place where discovery would be death.

CHAPTER XX.

NEW DISCOVERIES AND ADVENTURES.

I was right—the morn was already breaking—and feeling how dangerous it was for me to remain another minute where I was, I was just turning away to steal off and rejoin the anxious Caleb, when I heard the voice of Captain Sebastian, himself evidently not very near me, speaking to some one at a considerable distance from him.

"Yes, let her have her way. It is foolish, I grant you; but all girls have their fancies and whims."

To this there was a reply, for I could just hear the tones of another voice, but could not distinguish what was said.

"Yes," rejoined the Captain, "all right. And tell Paretx to bring all the negroes down here to-morrow night, for I don't wish to lose them, and it will not do for me to return home again at present."

He then, every moment drawing nearer, began to talk in Spanish, and I resolved to leave at once.

The room I was in contained only a little furniture, and that of the most ordinary description. I could see there was a door opening into another apartment, but I did not think it prudent to make further explorations. I went out accordingly, and carefully closed the outside door behind me.

Objects were beginning to be visible, and I felt some uneasiness lest I might be discovered. The lantern was still burning in the tree, and, guided by that, I hurried to the place where the Yankee was to wait for me, the wind still blowing and the rain falling still faster.

Caleb was there, squatted down at the foot of a tree, sheltering himself as well as he could from the driving storm. The moment he saw me, he sprung up and came toward me.

"Doctor," he said, grasping my hands, "I'm dreadful glad to see you, I tell you, and no mistake—for I'm awful afeard you'd git catched, I snum! and I was jest agoing to put out and git away from here while I'd got a head on."

I glanced at the place where we had seen the men come out to hang the lantern. The trap-door was yet open, and I could see there was a frame-work of wood, and steps leading down into the underground passage. I could readily believe that, when the door was closed and covered with earth, no one, not acquainted with the fact, would suspect the existence of any such place.

It was not yet light enough to see things clearly; but I could make out that we were on hard, elevated ground, (it could scarcely be called a hill,) which sloped off down to a cypress swamp, that looked unusually dreary in the dull grey light now stealing over it.

Feeling our safety would be increased by getting out of the more open wood and into the dense cover of the thicket, we now hastened down to it, and breathed much freer when we found ourselves inside of the closing bushes, though ankle deep in mud and water.

Nor could we congratulate ourselves too much on this timely escape, when, peeping through our leafy screen a minute after, we saw a man come out of the subterranean passage, let down the lantern, and return below, closing the trap-door after him. Had he been one or two minutes sooner, we might have been discovered.

"I shall always thank God for this storm," said I, in a low tone, "for it has not only proved our salvation thus far, but enabled us to make some very important discoveries."

"It's putty wet and sticky though, for all that!" said Caleb, shivering. "I don't believe I've got a dry thread on me; and I wouldn't go through sich another night for all the tarnal scamps twixt this and Tophet!"

"Are you not thankful for your life, Mr. Stebbins?"

"Wal, I spect I be; and I'd be plaguy thankful jest now to git to a good fire and dry myself. Jest look here, Doctor—all my clothes is stinking to me like wax, and I'm as hungry as all git out! And then where be we, I'd like to know? and how be we agoing to find our way back to Colonel Brandon's?"

"After you left me, and went back to where I found you," said I, changing the subject, "did you see any one enter or leave the under-ground passage?"

"Wal, yes, two on 'em. I was sitting down, with my back agin the tree, when I thought I heerd somebody talking; and I peaked areound, and seen two fellers jest agoing down."

"Did you know them?"

"No, I guess not—how should I?"

"Did you hear anything they said?"

"No, I couldn't make nothing out."

"Those two men were Sebastian and Blake."

"Jerusalem! you don't say! Do tell! I say, you—then this ere's their nest, aint it?"

"This is one of their infernal dens—I don't know how many more they have got."

"Let's git away from here, Doctor—do!"

"With all my heart; but I have not the remotest idea which way to go to find our friends."

"Nor I nother, consarn it all! but I'm bound to put out somewhere, anyhow."

"We must keep in the edge of this swamp till we get out of sight of this rendezvous."

"Say! what d' you see inside there? and how was it you didn't git catched?"

I replied to him as we passed slowly along through the bushes, keeping back far enough from the edge of the swamp to conceal ourselves from any one on the higher ground.

We could barely see enough now to pick our steps and avoid the little pools of water in the swamp. It was very difficult walking, for we mired at every step; and I was so worn down by this time, with my long-continued exertions and loss of rest, that it was only by a considerable effort I could move one foot before the other and keep myself awake.

Oh, what would I not have given then for some comfortable place in which to lie down and go to sleep with my mind at ease! In fact, had my mind been at ease—free from alarm for myself and friends—I believe I could even have stretched my over-wearied frame out there in the mud and water and slept soundly through the pelting storm.

But there were more than myself to consider—friends, near and dear to me, in danger—the fair being I so devotedly loved, in peril—and I struggled on, praying Heaven for strength and success to save the innocent and punish the guilty.

Observing, by the increasing light, that the ground on which the house stood descended more abruptly on the other side—more in the form of a steep pitch, or embankment—and fancying I perceived another structure, through the trees, farther down—I took that direction, thinking it possible to make some new discovery.

The swamp made a bend around this acclivity; and after working our way around (it was rather working than walking) for some quarter of a mile, we found ourselves abreast of a long, low structure, resembling a barn, or stable for cattle, with one end resting against the hill. It had a yard in front, in which were three cows and several goats. That this stable belonged to the house, I naturally conjectured; and also that the subterranean passage was connected with it—thus giving two places of ingress and egress to the dark workers of iniquity—the cows and goats increasing the domestic appearance of the whole, and serving as a further blind to the uninitiated neighbors and chance visitors.

While I looked at this structure, with curious feelings, wondering what dark deeds had been done within, I saw a door open, and a mounted man ride forth.

I happened at the moment to be standing in such a position that he might have seen me—though he did not—and I instantly drew back farther into the thicket and watched him with interest.

He was moving away, along a path that led round the hill, in the same direction that we were going, when a voice, that I recognized as Blake's, called to him, and he turned back.

Blake himself next appeared, coming out of the stable; and this proved, to my satisfaction, that the under-ground passage ran through to the trap-door on the other side of the dwelling-house. This was important to know, in case there should be an attack made upon the villains by the Regulators.

The two men conversed together for some time, in a tone too low for even the sharp ears of the Yankee; but we both heard Blake say, in conclusion:

"Remember now what I've told you! Take all the by-ways, and avoid any large parties, even if you have to make a run for it. Tell Horset all I've told you, word for word; and don't forget that he's to scatter his men, and have them get in here one at a time—for if they're seen together by the Regulators, it will be all up with some, if not all, of them. Now haste, my man, and do your duty faithfully, for our whole existence may be depending on your success."

"I won't fail, sir!" returned the other, touching his hat as he rode away.

Blake watched him till he disappeared over the crest of the hill; and then, drooping his head, in a thoughtful mood, he turned back into the stable, closing the door after him.

"Now would I give half I am worth," said I, "if I knew the shortest way to Colonel Brandon's, and had a good horse under me."

"And how much d' you calculate you be wo'th neow, Doctor?" inquired the inquisitive Caleb, who always had an ear for any subject touching on money.

"Well, say fifty dollars," I replied, in a quizzing way, though I never felt less like joking.

"Sho! more 'n that, I guess."

"Well, perhaps; but that will do for the present."

"I shouldn't wonder if there's lots of hosses in that ere barn now!" he said, looking anxiously toward it.

"Nor I," I replied; "but we shall have to foot it for all that."

"It 'ud be stealing to take a couple, even from them rascals, wouldn't it?"

"It would certainly be *death* to attempt it!"

"Yes, wal, I guess we won't try it."

At this moment a negro woman came out of the stable, with a pail in her hand, and proceeded to milk the cows.

"You see," said I, "that place is alive with people. Come, it is time for us to be off. God grant that we may be successful in getting back to our friends in time to make our knowledge of service to them! An idea strikes me! I know, pretty nearly I think, where this man is going; and if we can pass round and get upon his track, without being discovered, I am almost certain it will lead us to some locality with which we are acquainted."

"Wal, I'm ready and willing to git out of this ere sticky hole, I tell you!" said my cheerful companion.

The swamp here bent around the higher ground like a horse-shoe, and so we kept on round in it till we reached the opposite side of the house from which we started. Here I observed a door opening into a mound, not unlike a tomb, and I thought it very probable that it was merely another place of entrance and exit for the outlaws.

"These villains have a good many holes to run in and out of," said I, "and to capture them here will require a force large enough to surround the whole area, or at least keep a strong guard at several points."

"There won't nobody git me to attack 'em inside there, I calculate!" returned Stebbins.

"You are not fond of a fight, I know."

"Not much, neow."

"You would rather run any time, eh?"

"Wal, I haint no desire to git killed for nothing, and I never see nobody that had 'cept a fool!" returned Caleb, rather sharply.

"Even your grandfather, that fought in the Revolution, was a man of prudence, undoubtedly!"

"Any how, he didn't fling his life away for the sake of being killed."

"It is necessary a man should risk his life sometimes, Mr. Stebbins; and whoever shall attempt to capture these bandits, should be prepared for bloody work."

"Wal, I aint agoing to try to catch 'em, I tell you! If I live to git back to Colonel Brandon's with a whole skin, I'm agoing to put eout for home."

"You will not buy any land in this section then?"

"Rather guess not."

"Nor marry any rich planter's daughter?"

"Not to live down here, where a feller's life aint safe a minute. If any gal wants me, she'll have to pack up her duds and travel! You see, Doctor, I aint made for this ere kind of life. Them that likes it, can have it—but I aint one of them kind."

"And yet I have seen you show a good deal of bravery."

"Yes, it's in the Stebbins' blood, that's a fact; but it aint no enjoyment to me. Of course I'll fight when I have to; but I don't like to be where I've got to."

"At least you are candid in saying so, and that is something. One thing you must certainly do, however. If you escape, and I do not, you must not refuse to guide the Regulators to this place!"

"Why, do you spect you aint agoing to escape, Doctor?"

"I hope I am, of course; but I don't know what may happen."

"Wal, I can tell you one thing," rejoined Caleb, with the air of a man uttering words of wisdom, "if you go and run your head into every hornet's nest you see, you must calculate to git stung, that's sartin. I only wonder you're here now, arter what you tried last night."

We continued in the swamp till we had got so far away from the haunt of the freebooters as to render it comparatively safe for us to come out upon the harder ground, and then we began a search for the tracks of the horse which the messenger had ridden away.

Presently we found the trail, and then followed on as fast as we could.

We were now in an open country, apparently uncultivated, with here and there a tree, and thickly scattered clumps of bushes, but not a dwelling in sight. The wind had now pretty much died away; but the clouds were low and dense, the rain was still falling, and a sort of steaming fog, rising from the earth, made the whole scene look dreary enough.

When it is remembered what I had gone through of excitement and fatigue, it will not be surprising that I now found myself in the worst possible condition for travelling on foot. In fact I was faint and weak, and could hardly drag my heavy limbs along; and at last, coming to a tree, around which grew a cluster of bushes, I threw myself down on the wet earth, declaring I must have some sleep.

"Go on, Stebbins," I said, "and leave me here. Find your way to Colonel Brandon's, and tell him all you know; and say that, with God's help, I shall get in before night."

"I won't do it, Doctor—I snum, I won't! If you stay here, I'll stay to."

"Are you afraid to go alone?"

"No, 'taint that."

"What then?"

"Wal, you might git sick, or so'thing, and I don't want to have them are gals blaming me for leaving you."

I did my best to get him to go on without me; but finding I could not succeed, and feeling how important was the intelligence in my possession, I arose and resumed my weary march, leaning upon his arm.

We had advanced about half a mile further, when Caleb suddenly grasped my arm and exclaimed:

"Great ginger, Doctor! look there! True's you live, there's a woman on hoss-back!"

"A woman? where?"

"Why, right yonder, coming reound behind that are tree!"

"Ah! now I see her! She is coming this way!"

"Jes' so!"

"Good heavens! if it should be Flora Sebastian! Quick, Stebbins—let us hide in these bushes before she sees us!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A heavy money transaction took place in Rochester the other day. One man paid another one hundred and ten thousand pennies.

☞ The skeleton of the theatre—the dead-head.

☞ Corporal punishment in schools, it is said, is being abandoned on the other side of the Atlantic. Such a thing is scarcely heard of in France, and in England the practice of flogging is generally given up, except in the great schools like Eaton and Harrow, where it is cherished as a conservative institution.

☞ Transported for life—the man that marries happily.

☞ The difference between a gambler and a theatrical critic is, that one is a player at poker and the other a poker at players.

☞ A Russian miser is noticed as having learned to bark, in order to save the expense of keeping a watch-dog.

☞ There are several female barbers in New York, who wield the razor with great skill.

The Word "Money."

Prof. Whitney, of Yale College, in the last New Englander, thus gives the history of our word "money:"—"It is of French origin, brought into England by the Normans of William the Conqueror. The French language derives it, along with most of its other stores of expression, from the Latin, where it has the form *moneta*, and signifies primarily the *mint*, the place where money was coined, and then, by transference, the coin-stamp, mint-mark, and the coin stamped or minted. But why does *moneta* mean 'mint' in Latin? For this reason: The Romans thought they had reason to be grateful to their goddess Juno for certain *monitions* which she had given them in crises of their history, and they accordingly built a temple to *Juno Moneta*, Juno the Monisher. In the said temple it chanced that, for reasons of state convenience, of which no one is now cognizant, the Roman machinery for stamping money was set up; it was made their place of coinage, their *mint*. Hence the names for mint, and coin, and money, in most of the tongues of modern Europe; they go back to a bit of popular superstition, and to the accidental location of a machine for stamping metal, in a community which was at the time one of the most insignificant in Europe."

Beautiful Experiments.

Fill a wide-mouthed glass jar with water, and cover it over with a piece of "foundation," (the ladies will understand this,) cover that with a layer of peas, pressing it down so that the peas will lay in the water. They will then swell and sprout, the roots growing down into the water, their fibres presenting a beautiful appearance. Set this in a window, and vines will grow up which can be conducted to the sill. The whole is very handsome.

If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread to within half an inch of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upward its tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree, growing this way, on a mantle shelf of a room, is a very interesting object.

INDIAN NAMES.—The visiting cards of the Sioux at Washington show the following names: Tic-cha-wakon, Jumping Thunder; Wakea-che-kana, Little Thunder; Mato-kaka-wanka, The bear that lays down; Weakose, Feather in the ear; Cha-cha-hena, Hairy leg; Lea-hos-ka, Long foot; Mato-ho-ton-ka, Bear with a big voice; Toka-watahta, Pretty rock; Wa-wa-dei-sappa, Black eagle; Wa-zhinrka, Little bird; Ka-nashen-manne, Walking mad hand; Takah-o-u-sepah, Caught the enemy; Mahto-nah-he, Brings bears together; Mooh-peah-ajah-nah-koo, Coming through the cloud; Mooh-peah-gah-du-na-zhe, The cloud that stands; Wah-con-gah-de-sapa, Black lightning coming.

☞ Lord Shaftesbury has apprenticed one of his sons to a celebrated London engineer.

☞ A Maine paper suggests that high schools where young ladies can be taught household duties be established in that State, and F. W.—fit for wives—be inscribed on the degrees.

☞ The familiar words, "First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen," occur in the brief resolutions passed by Congress at the death of Washington.

☞ The celebrated German battle-painter, Fritz Lallemand, who died a short time ago, was at the head-quarters of General Benedek during the late campaign in Bohemia. After the terrible defeat at Sadowa, Lallemand went to the commander of the Austrian forces, and requested permission to return to Vienna. "Were you not engaged for the whole time of the war?" asked the Benedek. "Certainly, your excellency," replied Lallemand, "I was engaged as painter of battles, but not as a painter of routed armies."

☞ Wilkie Collins, the novelist, is dying of consumption.

☞ A Paris paper says that Adah Isaacs Menken dances like Lola Montez, and writes like Harriet Beecher Stowe.

☞ In Galveston the Mayor has a salary of but $1,200, while the market cleaner and captain of the night watch get $1,500 each.

☞ MECHANIC'S LIEN.—A legal inquiry in Milwaukee is, "Has a barber a mechanic's lien on the face of his customer for the labor performed?"

☞ A new beau, named Vincent Westerly, is creating a great sensation in London society. He is a mixture of Beau Brummell and Apollo.

☞ Some French physicians have discovered that flour-of-sulphur, in water, is a perfect cure for croup.

☞ A submarine mountain was discovered while making the soundings for a cable between Cuba and Florida.

☞ A man in Portland, Me., attended a masquerade, dressed as an ape. While passing through an entry a large Newfoundland dog attacked him, and he was obliged to fly for his life.

☞ A terrible accident occurred in the woods in Wisconsin, by which a man was thrown eighty feet into the air. The man killed was standing on a balance tree to see another tree come down, when the tree, in its falling course, struck the other end of the tree on which the man was standing, and the tremendous weight of it, coming on the spring lever, threw him like a shot into the air.

☞ A novel elopement occurred lately at Danville, New York. A wife became poisoned against her husband through the machinations of her lover, who furnished her the money to procure a divorce, and then married her. After living with her second husband awhile, she became convinced she had been deceived as to her first husband, and, her old love returning, she eloped from her second husband, running away with her first husband.

☞ The young men of Savannah are delighted with base ball, which is somewhat of a novelty in that region.

☞ It is said that most of the freedmen who left South Carolina for Florida are anxious to return, but have not the means.

☞ A spiritualistic lecturer in Cincinnati a few evenings since divided sin into three kinds—"animal sin, mineral sin, and spiritual sin."

☞ At a recent party given by Secretary Welles, the "dress of dresses," says a correspondent, "was that of Mrs. Sullivan. She wore a rich white corded silk trimmed with bands of green velvet, upon which were twined wreaths of golden ivy leaves. In her hair were numbers of green and gold beetles. She is a beautiful woman, and was the cynosure of all eyes."

Yankee Doodle an Old Spanish Air.

The poet Bryant, now in Spain, writes as follows to the New York Evening Post:—

"I have mentioned the Basques, and I have an incident to relate which connects them, curiously enough, with our own country. Some time since, when Mr. Perry, Secretary of the American Legation at Madrid, was in one of the Basque provinces, he heard a band playing their old national airs. The Basques have preserved whatever is peculiar to them, their language, their customs, and many of their political rights, from the earliest period in which they are known to history; their national music is claimed to be of the same antiquity. After the band had played several other airs it struck up Yankee Doodle, the very tune, in every note, which is so familiar to American ears. Mr. Perry immediately claimed it as our national air. 'It is one of our old tunes,' said a gentleman to whom he spoke, 'and I can convince you of the fact. For hundreds of years it has been a popular air among us.' The gentleman afterwards made good his assertion by showing Mr. Perry a manuscript of great antiquity which contained the identical musical notes of 'Yankee Doodle.'"

☞ An exchange says that "for a quarter of a century there has not been a single revival of conversion in Harvard College."

☞ It may be said of an ugly man, that Nature, when she made him, was so ashamed of her work that she couldn't even put a good face upon the thing.

☞ In the forty years from 1820 to 1860, we took from Europe 4,512,171 emigrants.

☞ Pickles are forbidden by a Connecticut temperance society as encouraging a taste for something stronger.

☞ "Carrollton Hall," in Howard county, Md., has just been sold to Frederick Brosenne, of Catonsville, for $125,000. The estate, which includes 1,000 acres, was for years the manor of the MacTavishes.

☞ Among the inducements to foreigners to visit the Paris Exposition is the purchase of land by the French Government to bury a few thousands who are expected to die in the gay capital.

☞ Poultices, made of stewed pumpkins, are recommended by an agricultural doctor for inflammatory rheumatism. In Syria, pumpkin seeds are eaten for their medicinal qualities. They are diuretic.

☞ An Irishman, on hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed, "Be my soul, and that's a good idee. Sure a stone coffin 'ud last a man's lifetime."

☞ There can be seen upon the wall of the studio of a Boston artist four Crosby Opera House tickets, and underneath the following:—"Moral—'The gods give nothing to man without great labor.'"

☞ The Eastern Railway Company, France, has just adopted a new third-class carriage. It is two stories high, and contains seats for eighty persons.

☞ SHERIDAN.—"You want to know what Phil Sheridan is like?" said President Lincoln once to Uncle Gideon Welles, who was asking in his dreamy way what manner of man was the young Western officer whose name was just then beginning to attract attention. "He is a brown little fellow, with a long body, short legs, not enough neck to hang him, and such long arms that he can scratch his ankles if they itch without stooping." No better description could be given in such brief language.

☞ THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE.—"We shall know what are the necessaries of life," said a country storekeeper during a severe storm, "as no one will venture forth to-day except to procure them." In the evening he found that most of his sales were yellow snuff and New England rum.

☞ A resident of Berlin recently went to sleep with a cigar in his mouth. The next morning he was found to be unconscious. He slept, and could not be awakened by the most violent shaking. The expression of his features was calm, and his body was rigid and unimpressionable to pain. He was restored on the seventh day.

☞ A couple in Richmond got married, the guests partook of substantial refreshments, and while engaged in "chasing the golden hours with flying feet," a most elegant supper, including confectionaries and wedding-cake which had been prepared, was stolen by thieves, who left the table completely bare.

☞ A certain boarding-school teacher always served pudding first at dinner; it was what is called a minute pudding, made of rye meal just "brought to a boil," and then placed upon the table. It was the only dish on the table, with a promise, which was its invariable sauce, "Boys, the more pudding, the more meat." And so the poor Olivers would hoist in the pudding until there was no room for meat.

☞ FOR THE CLERGY.—The following advertisements appear in the London Guardian:—"Manuscript Sermons—Several thousands on sale. Specimens on receipt of twelve stamps. Good legible manuscripts and lithographs." "A brilliant sermon for Christmas day forwarded on receipt of 3s. 6d. Address, &c. Incumbents supplied weekly." "A clergyman would be glad to supply two or three incumbents with copies of his last year's sermons, one weekly." "Original sermons, solely for clerical use. In clear MS. lithography. Edited by a beneficed clergyman."

☞ A lady in Detroit rubbed a quantity of hair dye on her face, mistaking it for perfumery. Her face assumed a deep olive color.

☞ A Portland railroad conductor saved a woman from falling under the cars by grasping her waterfall—the handiest thing he could get hold of.

☞ YOUNG ENGLISHMEN DISINCLINED TO MARRY.—The London Saturday Review says:—"So long as there are mothers left with daughters to be married, so long will matchmaking continue to be pursued; and it must obviously be pursued all the more energetically to keep pace with the growing disinclination of bachelors among the upper and middle classes to face the responsibilities of married life."

☞ It is understood that the President has selected Generals Sherman, Meade, Hancock, McDowell and Schofield, as Military Commanders for the South under the Reconstruction act.

☞ The trial of Surratt is expected to take place ere the close of the present month, perhaps about the 15th or 20th. Judge Fisher is the presiding Judge of the Criminal Court this term, but there will probably be a full bench during the trial.

☞ A gentleman has returned to Texas from an unavailing search for laborers in Virginia. He says the negroes are fast decreasing in the old States, and the citizens wonder where they are gone.

A New Repeating Gun.

Mr. Sale, the blind inventor of the method of making powder incombustible, has now invented a gun, said to be more simple and rapid than any previous breech-loader. Instead of revolvers he uses slides, each to hold a certain number of cartridges—say ten each; ten slides will hold a hundred, and these may be fired in a minute. With a boy to fill the slides a man could fire 6,000 shots an hour, and by taking good aim put that number of the enemy *hors du combat*. Ten men, with as many smart boys, would thus be equal to an army of 50,000, and a hundred might kill off the whole French army, if they would only stand still at a proper distance, and not fire back or otherwise impolitely interrupt the proceedings. Mr. Sale proposes to adapt his slides to artillery, and by firing a series of shots with great rapidity, he hopes to batter the strongest monitor into small bits with bolts of very moderate dimensions. This description reminds one of the "coffee mill" artillery, which McClellan tried. In theory the gun was wonderfully destructive, but in practice a failure—precisely why, however, we do not remember to have seen explained.

☞ In California they are so much annoyed with mosquitoes and fleas in summer, that a physician advises a bath in a solution of soft soap and treacle, then a sprinkle of sawdust on the head, after which the patient should go to bed and maintain perfect repose.

☞ MEDICAL ADVICE.—The Boston Post says the latest and most effectual cure for matrimonial ills, for consumption, spinal disease, impecuniosity, bad breath, ruined reputations, defeated aspirations for office, the dune of creditors, pleurisy, the toothache, love-sickness, hypochondria, and the other ills that flesh is heir to, is to take a trip on a Mississippi steamboat.

☞ An exchange says that Ex-President Day, of Yale College, aged ninety-four, is the original "live-long Day."

☞ Bryant says the Spanish people, as a whole, are the raggedest he ever saw. Their poverty is equalled by their pride.

☞ Phœbe Washburne, of Lenox, Mass., celebrated her 100th birthday last week, and died a day or two thereafter.

☞ Two hundred and thirty thousand letters, whose addresses it is impossible to decipher, pass through the Paris post-offices annually.

☞ The following messages are published as evidences of the accuracy with which telegraphic messages are frequently transmitted:

Original.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 29.

To ——, Wall street, N. Y.:

They are a Jew house and cows closed very good. E. P. C.

Corrected Copy.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 29.

To ——, Wall street, N. Y.:

They are a Jew house and considered very good. E. P. C.

☞ The Bishop of Nova Scotia has dismissed from his pastoral charge an old clergyman, who preferred to preach in a black gown instead of a white surplice.

☞ In the Grisons a fall of red snow, to the depth of three inches, has just taken place. The fall lasted about two hours, and was succeeded by white to double that depth. The phenomenon is not uncommon, and is due to the presence of a microscopic mushroom, the *protococcus nivalis*.

☞ Ticknor & Fields have sold more copies of Whittier's "Snow-Bound" than of any other American poem, excepting "Hiawatha."

☞ A lady in Madison, Indiana, was recently united to her fifth husband. She has had a varied experience of mankind.

☞ A. T. Stewart's income is larger than the sum which the English Parliament allows to Queen Victoria.

☞ Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night.

☞ The rumor which says that Hon. Charles Sumner is to retire from public life at the close of his present term in the Senate, also says that he purposes to visit Europe in December, 1869, and remain abroad for at least five years, part of which time he will spend in consulting the continental libraries, preparatory to writing a work of his own, semi-political and semi-literary, on the history of slavery, from the earliest times down to its suppression in the United States.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 5000 bbls sold at $8@8,75 for superfine; $9@10,25 for extra; $10,50@12,50 for low grade and fancy northwest family; $11,50@13,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14@16,50 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells in a small way at $7@7,25 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce; 14,000 bus fair to prime Penna red sold at from $2,60@3,05; small lots of southern do at $3@3,10; 2500 bus California white at $3,15@3,20, and small lots of white at $3,15@3,25 ℔ bus, as to quality. Rye—2000 bus Penna and western sold in lots at $1,30 ℔ bus. Corn—35,000 bush new yellow sold at 97c@$1. Oats—21,000 bus sold at 62@65c.

PROVISIONS—There is no material change to notice. Small sales are making at $21,50@22 ℔ bbl for new Mess Pork, 15@15c ℔ lb for plain and fancy canvassed Bacon Hams; 12@13¼c for pickled do; 9@9¼c for salt Shoulders; and 13@13¼c ℔ lb for Lard, in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef sells at $17@20 for Western, and $22,50@23 ℔ bbl for city packed. Butter—Small sales are making at 16@27c for roll, and 12@20 ℔ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 19@21c ℔ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 25@28c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 600 bales of middlings sold in lots at 30@31c for Uplands, and 31¼@32c ℔ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—12 hhds of 1st No 1 Quercitron was sold at $35 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 38@39c ℔ lb.

COAL—We quote White Ash at $4,50@5, and Red Ash at $4,75@5,25 ℔ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern at 9@10c, and 10¼@11c for Western. Dried Peaches range at 15@16¼c for halves; 13@15c for quarters, and 20@23c for pared.

HAY—Best quality Timothy Hay sells at $1,55@1,90 ℔ 100 lbs; mixed and inferior at $1,60@1,70. Straw sells at $1,40@1,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sells at 68@70c and fair to good at 40@50c ℔ lb.

PLASTER—We quote soft at $4,50@5 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed 1000 bus good to prime old sold at $7,50@7,75, and 1400 bus fair to prime new at 28@6,50 ℔ bus. Timothy sells at from $3,50@3,65, and Flaxseed at $3,25@3,30 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells at $2,70@2,75 ℔ gallon.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered are reported at 11@11¼c, and country at 10¼@10½c ℔ lb.

WOOL—There is a firmer feeling in the market. About 150,000 lbs sold in lots at 62@65c for double extra; 58@60c for extra; 55@58c for fine; 50@55c for medium; 45@52c for coarse; 55@58c for good tub washed; 45@48c for inferior do; 45@48c for extra Western pulled, and 37@40c ℔ lb for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from 17@18c ℔ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ℔ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 8@8½c ℔ lb. 3500 Hogs sold at from $10,50@11,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

My Own Dear Way.

List! If you pray God's will be done,
From rising to the setting sun,
And in your heart
There sounds a part,—
Though subtly soft it play,
"My own dear way;"
You have not tuned to heaven your soul,
Nor given to God your being whole.
It is no prayer to ask His will
And wish your own—expect it—still.

☞ The Belfast Age reports a remarkable case. Rev. Joseph Higgins of Thorndike, aged 91 years, and his wife, Mrs. Betsey Higgins, aged 89 years, both died on the 5th of February, and within ten hours of each other, by no especial sickness except the breaking down of old age.

☞ The young Jew Mortara, whose abduction some years back caused such excitement in Europe, has just entered the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, as a novice, before joining the order of regular canons of St. Jean-de-Lateran, at Rome. He is now fifteen years old.

☞ The rare spectacle of a negro in East Machias, Maine, the other day, quite excited the curiosity of the young people, many of whom had never seen a colored man before.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—may from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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"The Hair, Scalp and Face."
DR. B. C. PERRY,

Dermatologist, author of the above valuable Book, published and for sale by JAMES MILLER, 522 Broadway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New York, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or scalp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; *moles, warts and scurfs* permanently cured; moth patches, freckles, pimples, comedones (called black worms), and all brown discolorations removed from the face.

To remove moth patches, freckles, or any brown discoloration from the skin, ask your druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, or send to Dr. Perry.

No charge for consultations—personally or by letter. dec29-3m

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—To the sufferers from gravel, stone and other irregularities of the kidneys, these Pills give permanent and almost instantaneous relief. Sold at the Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday, March 5, 1867, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Baltimore, by the Rev. Julius E. Grammer, OTIS A. TURNER, of Quincy, Illinois, to MARY D., daughter of Stephen F. Paullin, Esq., of Baltimore.

On the 6th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Mayor McMichael, CHARLES L. PETERSON, of Woodstown, to SARAH BARTON, of Mullica Hill, N. J.

On the 28th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. Catheart, Mr. SAMUEL RODGERS to Miss PAULINE M. SPINDLER, both of this city.

On the 16th of Jan., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. ISAAC JARRETT to Miss NELLIE F. BRADLEY, both of this city.

On the 28th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. J. Mann, GEORGE KOHLBRENNER to BERTHA P. KAPPER, both of this city.

On the 28th of Feb., by the Rev. C. E. Murray, Mr. JAMES T. MALVIN to Miss FANNY R., daughter of Benj. Levy, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, Mr. JAMES W. SCOTT, in his 61st year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY A. PATTON, in her 55th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ELIZA, wife of Charles Renner, aged 31 years.

On the 3d instant, LOUISA, daughter of the late Jos. Nancrede, formerly of Paris, France, in her 76th year.

On the 2d instant, MARY THOMAS, in her 92d year.

On the 2d instant, SARAH A. ROBERTS, in her 29th year.

On the 2d instant, MARY A., wife of the late Richard F. Bozorth, in her 50th year.

On the 1st instant, JOHN BENNER, in his 72d year.

On the 1st instant, HENRY P. OLDHAM, in his 31st year.

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

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Plain Table,	$50
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	65
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No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$60
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
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Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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mar9-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Astonished Old Lady.

An old lady whose home is in the country, and who hadn't been in Cincinnati for several years, came in recently to do some trading, her principal business being one of the few eventful incidents in her life, the purchase of a new bonnet. She hada't had a new bonnet since she was in Cincinnati the last time, and that was seven years ago; nor had she seen any of the new-fangled contrivances—"trifles light as air"—which the women wear now-a-days in the place of bonnets. As a new bonnet was the engrossing theme in her mind on entering the city, of course she was on the alert at once to see what the fashion was. Imagine her consternation, then, in standing on Fourth street, watching the people as they passed by. For a time she was perfectly speechless, and then she was observed to throw up her hands and exclaim,—

"For the land's sake! *are* the wimmins all crazy, gaddin' through the streets with nothin' on their blessed heads! What's become of all their bunnets?"

She went into a millinery store and accosted an obliging young lady in attendance:

"You see, I come in the hull way from Clarmount county to buy a bunnet. I've wore this one goin' on eight year. It's a little out of fashion, I reckon, and I want one that is right in style. I didn't know what the wimmin was wearin', and stood out here a blessed hour to see 'em pass, and I hope never to see my old man agin if I saw one with a bunnet on durin' the hull time. Some had a doll's handkercher laid on the top of the head; others had what looked for all the world like oyster patties trimmed with blow'd glass, and I declare to goodness if one woman with a big ruttabaga turnip on the back of her hed, in a fly net, wore any coverin' 'cepting a *yaller circus ticket tied on with a ribbin!*"

When informed that the styles she had seen were the latest thing in the bonnet line, the old lady's astonishment increased, and she was thoroughly bewildered by the time she had examined each of the varieties embraced in the milliner's collection, particularly when she learned the accompanying prices. She looked at her old bonnet, which had been preserved so carefully during the changing fashions of seven years, and compared it with the fashions of to-day, when the old lady fairly wept. She declared it was enough to drive one crazy to see such vanities as the women are running to now days.

"'Twant so when I was a gal," said she. "Women wore bunnets in them days that kivered their heads, and tied 'em under the chin instid of fast'n 'em to the back hair."

She left in great disgust, and said she would go right back to Clairmount and wear her old bonnet till milliners got to making bonnets again.

Playing Pool.

Most every body knows how to play pool. To those who don't know we will state that the game is played on a billiard table, with twenty or thirty balls, each ball numbered. A dozen or more can play at the game. A certain number is fixed upon, and the player who shall first pocket enough balls, whose combined numbers will amount to it, wins the pile—which is made up by the players staking a certain amount before the game commences. Previous to the commencement each player draws a marble from the box and puts it out of sight in his pocket. These marbles are all numbered to correspond with the numbers on the table. The player, after receiving his marble, bears the number in his mind, and his game is to pocket balls enough, the number of which, added to that on the marble in his pocket, will make the number which wins the pile.

The other night an old citizen of one of our Western cities, who was occasionally given to "chance," came home rather late. His wife was asleep. When she awoke in the morning she found on the floor a marble, upon which was the number "17."

"What's this?" she said to her lord, eyeing the marble suspiciously. "It dropped out of your pantaloons pocket. What is it?"

Her husband opened his eyes, looked, blushed, was confused and stammered,—

"Why—why—it's a marble, aint it?"

"Yes," said she, "but what are you doing with a marble in your pocket at your time of life?"

"In my pocket? Well—ah!—the fact is I've had that marble in my pocket for the last thirty-five years; ever since I used to play for keeps with Bill."

"Indeed?" incredulously asked his wife—"but what are these figures on here *for*? What does 17 mean?"

"Mean? 17 mean?" said he, hesitatingly. "O, 17!—why, that was the number of marbles Bill owed me when we quit playing; he marked it on there so I wouldn't forget it."

The old fellow had a narrow escape, and he hasn't played *pule* since.

Didn't Know It Was There.

One of the municipal laws of Corinth, Miss., forbids the running of railroad trains through the town "faster than a walk." Not long ago a freight train on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad was considerably behind time, and the engineer determined to dash on through Corinth without stopping to shake hands with the inhabitants. The municipal authorities saw the flying train pass with astonishment and indignation, and on its return the engineer was arrested for violating a "city ordinance," and was duly arraigned before the Mayor.

"Were you the engineer of the train which dashed by here yesterday without slacking up?" asked the Mayor.

"I was," said the engineer.

"And didn't you know that it was against the law for a train to pass through a city at such a speed as that?"

"I did," replied the steam-horseman, "but I'll be hanged if I know there was any city here."

The engineer was put in for about a month's wages.

A LITTLE fellow some four or five years old, and who had never seen a negro, was greatly perplexed one day when one came by where he and his father were. The youngster eyed the stranger suspiciously till he had passed, and then asked his father:

"Pa, who painted that man all black so?"

"God did, my son," replied the father.

"Well," said the little one, still looking after the negro, "I shouldn't 'a thought he'd 'a held still."

INTELLIGENT CHILD.

"Ma, dear, what do they play the organ so loud for, when 'church' is over? Is it to wake us up?"

"A Bad Excuse is Better than None."

A funny story is going the rounds in Paris. A lady in the first society was recently obliged to dismiss her nurse on account of an excess of firemen and private soldiers too often repeated. After choosing as a successor to this criminal a very pretty girl, the lady, explaining why the first was sent away, enjoined it on the second not to do likewise. "I can endure a great deal," said the lady, "but soldiers about the kitchen I *won't* endure." After a week or eight days, the lady came one morning into the kitchen, opened a closet, and discovered a youthful military character. "Oh, ma'am!" cried the girl, frightened, "I give you my word I never saw that soldier before in all my life—he must have been one of the old ones left over by the other girl!"

A Snow Story.

Up in Vermont they have a story-telling fellow by the name of Dr. Austin. In his old age he purchased a farm and went to farming. He tells a story of his first experience in making sugar. There had been an unusual fall of snow that winter, and he and his man went round on the crust, tapped the trees, and hung the buckets to them, there came a thaw, and he thought it well to send John to look after them. John came back and reported that some one had stolen them. The doctor accompanied John to the lot, and he, too, thought a thief had been around. But on looking up the sides of the trees, there were the buckets almost out of sight.

TO SCHOOLMASTERS.—To be sold, a threshing machine in good working order; has birch, cane and strap barrels; warranted to whip a school of fifty boys in twenty minutes, distinguishing their offences into literary, moral and impertinent. Only parted with because the owner has flogged all his school away, and his sons are too big to beat.

☞ A Yankee captain was caught in the jaws of a whale, but was finally rescued, badly wounded. On being asked what he thought while in that situation, he replied: "I thought he would make about forty barrels."

☞ A Houston (Texas) merchant gives the public notice that he is going "to put an end to all the cows" that come in his store.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FRUIT PROSPECTS.

Whatever cause of apprehension our neighbors of the northwest, north, and east may have in regard to the prospective fruit crop for the year 1867, it is only in instances very rare that they apply to any of the fruit districts of Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, east of the Alleghanies, or in any portion of West Jersey, from the ocean to the rugged, hill regions of Sussex.

Through three weeks of continuous observation and careful examination over a wide territory, though there have been many private and public declarations, some of them very positive, that the severe frosts of January had made wholesale slaughter of fruit generally and peaches especially for the coming season, we have not met with a dozen instances in which the condition of the trees themselves, or the buds, either for fruit or leaves, warrant any such conclusion. On the contrary, the rule, almost universal, is a more healthy, vigorous appearance of all young bearing trees—peaches, apples, pears, cherries, and plums than we have ever seen at this season; and as in only four instances have we found the fruit buds seriously injured, it is pretty clear so far as we are concered that all this lamentation is needless; and so much public and private prophesying of no fruit next summer and fall, either a willful misrepresentation made for special effect, or otherwise a premature scare, unwarranted by either facts or probabilities. Possibilities there certainly are that between this date—Washington's birthday, and April 10th, damage may be done to peach trees and strawberry vines, the first by so many consecutive days of warm weather as shall induce a premature circulation of sap and swelling of the buds, followed by a sudden and severe freezing. But up to date we have found but very few instances where the peach buds have been in the least damaged by frost—not one where strawberry vines have been thrown out and frozen to death as a great many were last year at this time. So far, then, the prospective peach, strawberry, and all small fruit crops, are secure.

As for apples and pears, the promise of an abundant yield could be no better. The older orchards of apples—a great many that have for years been shy of fruiting, or gone entirely out of bearing, have by digging, scraping, washing and judicious pruning been rejuvenated, and are now better set with fruit buds than we have seen old orchard trees these ten years past. Nothing coming in between this and the final departure of frost to mar present prospects, we feel safe in promising a larger, and every way better crop of all sorts of fruit during the summer and fall of 1867 than the region named has ever before produced.

ABOUT PEARS.

Our practical pomologists are beginning in many instances throughout all our midland regions to practice what we believe to be a better economy in planting out and putting in a field of young orchards than has heretofore been the rule. The better practice is especially prevalent in the matter of pears. Instead of all dwarfs or all standards as the arbitrary course has almost invariably been, our fruit growers, both "regulars" and amateurs are beginning to fully understand and appreciate the advantages of alternating—*i. e.* planting out together in the same rows dwarfs and standards. To such as contemplate planting out young fruit orchards this next, or any other spring, who do not quite understand the philosophy and practical advantages of the alternating rule, we will briefly explain a few of the main points in favor of such a system—

Firstly—by having every other tree a dwarf we get a supply of fruit in from two to three years sooner as a general rule than we can look for from standard trees, which besides being very pleasant in an early supply of good fruit, is comfortable also in the way of prompt dividends upon investments.

Secondly—while the dwarf trees are making early returns for our orchard outlays by their generous bearing, they at the same time by their low growth, and in all respects dwarf habits let in freely from above sunshine, and literally a better circulation of pure, fresh air, both necessities of the best condition of whatever vegetables we shall crop the spaces between rows with during the minority of the standards.

Thirdly—as a first-class character for any orchard, whether of pears, peaches or apples, is always ten times more readily acquired with the promiscuous public through size than excellence of fruit, dwarf trees, meeting as they do the popular requirements, become a necessity of every pear orchard. Placed on adjoining trees, the pear monster, measuring thirteen inches in diameter and weighing perhaps twenty to twenty-two ounces, perfect in shape, becomes a universal admiration point; while its unpretentious, modest neighbor, scarcely a tenth its dimensions, but superior in flavor ten-fold, is passed unheeded. So, to give a popular character to our pear productions, both at home and in the markets, dwarf trees and mammoth fruit are arbitrary necessities.

The superior merits of standard above those of dwarf trees are not so numerous or excessive that through them they ought to claim preeminence or exclusive favoritism. But being hardier and longer lived, as a general rule, than any of the dwarfs, and once in full bearing having a fruit capacity averaging throughout all pear orchards perhaps four times greater than that of dwarfs, makes their merits quite equal in all instances, and in many superior to their smaller relatives.

Unless first class skill and great care is used in grafting, and equal care in setting the dwarf sorts of pears so that the junction will be well beneath the surface, there is always danger of the dwarf tree being broken off at the joint, or coming to grief in the seventh or eighth year, dying from consumption begotten of a careless, imperfect union. So that on the whole those who have determined upon planting trees the coming spring will probably do well to order from nurserymen dwarfs and standards in equal numbers, and follow the practice that is beginning to be universally popular.

THE PROPER TIME TO PRUNE.

Winter, we have always argued—in all cases where the constitutional condition of trees—especially our fruit trees of all sorts, is a subject of first consideration—winter, when there is no flow of sap, no exhaustive bleeding from lopped limbs and slashing cuts—when the tree stands torpid, insensible to pain, is the time, and of all others, *the* season most proper to prune. Cuts made during the winter, we always found hardened over on the surface, shutting up the pores and effectually preventing the out-flow of sap and consequent exhaustion of the tree by excessive drainage of its vital fluids.

Our pruning preaching has been partially successful—only partially, because all over the country scientific savans, holding contrary opinions, founded, they claim, upon good philosophy, and the physiological structure of trees, have long argued that winter pruning is destructive—only spring and summer slashing the correct principle. In order to decide as fairly as we can the question at issue, we began some five weeks since taking practical and personal testimony, and of the more than two hundred orchards of apple, peach, and pear trees which we have been into, over and through, we have found invariably the cleanest, hardiest, and every way healthiest trees, those that have been always since their planting out, pruned during the winter season, previous to the flow of sap and consequent quickening of the buds.

The opinion of about seven-eighths of all the most intelligent orchardists and general fruit-growers we have met and conversed with during the above mentioned term, is that if fruitfulness and the best sanitary condition of the tree is the design, winter is the time to prune. If symmetry of shape and pretty appearance be the motive, then cutting during full foliage is admissable. As, however, a very large majority of all our orchardists and fruit-growers are sensible men, preferring a just union of *utile* with the *dulce*, to non-productive beauty, it is likely that winter pruning of all our fruit trees will rapidly grow in favor until it becomes the universal rule.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——If strawberries are not a better and more abundant crop in all our midland regions east of the Alleghanies than we have ever had before, we shall resign our prophetic position in disgust. But there will be no resignation this year. We shall surely have the strawberries.

—— From late microscopic investigations and careful analysis, we have learned to know that the Jersey green sand marl is a good and lasting fertilizer—fifty times cheaper, ten times better, and twenty times more lasting than Peruvian guano.

—— The difference in climate between two Jersey regions lying only fifty miles apart, is on an average a degree of heat or cold to each mile of latitude. At the northern end of the fifty miles, we saw one day in February snow-banks two feet deep and surface soil solid with frost eighteen inches thick. Next day at the southern end of the line, blue birds, plough-running, and people planting vineyards.

—— The western and four of the Atlantic states have at the present date more than 65,000,000 bushels of wheat housed up and held out of the market, while many of our mills are making flour from California wheat brought round Cape Horn.

—— A great many Virginians of the Old Dominion, are going to cut up manors into small farms, utilize their muck and marl deposits and make gardens out of their old tobacco deserts. Very sensible Virginians.

RECEIPTS.

POTATOES FOR BREAKFAST.—Take the mashed potatoes left from dinner the day before, mix them smooth with a little hot milk and butter, put them by spoonfuls into an iron biscuit pan, previously heated, and brown them in a hot oven. They are very light and nice. These iron biscuit pans are wonderfully convenient articles—applicable to so many uses.

MUTTON STEAKS MAINTENON.—Half-fry, stew them while hot with herbs, crumbs and seasoning; put them in paper immediately, and finish on the gridiron. Be careful the paper does not catch; rub a bit of butter on it first to prevent that.

BECHAMEL, OR WHITE SAUCE.—Cut lean veal into small slices, and the same quantity of lean bacon or ham; put them into a stewpan, with a good piece of butter, an onion, a blade of mace, a few mushroom-buttons, a bit of thyme, and a bay-leaf; fry the whole over a very slow fire, but not to brown it; thicken it with flour; then put an equal quantity of good broth and rich cream; let it boil half an hour, and stir it all the time, strain it through a soup-strainer.

LAMB PIE.—Make it of the loin, neck or breast; the breast of house-lamb is one of the most delicate things that can be eaten. It should be very lightly seasoned with pepper and salt, the bone taken out, but not the gristles, and a small quantity of jelly gravy be put in hot; but the pie should not be cut till cold. Put two spoonfuls of water before baking. Grass-lamb makes an excellent pie, and may either be boned or not, but not to bone it is perhaps the best. Season with only pepper and salt; put two spoonfuls of water before baking, and as much gravy when it comes from the oven.

FISH A LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.—Take a fresh mackerel (or other fish,) split it down the back, and put it in a pan in the oven without anything with it or on it, and cook it. When fish comes off the bones easy with a fork it is done.

For sauce, a small tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful and a half of chopped parsley in a saucepan on the fire; the juice of half a lemon.

SALAD.—This is always sent to the table with the roast piece or with the chicken. First wash the lettuce, and be particular to drain it of all the water, for good salad cannot be made with water. A tablespoonful of oil, and half as much of vinegar; salt and pepper to taste; stir thoroughly.

Professor Blot incidentally remarked that sorrel, a sourish vegetable, is the best thing to eat in the spring, when prepared similar to lettuce. The dandelion also was an excellent field plant. The latter was designed for our use. In the order of nature it was the first palatable vegetable that comes forth in the spring season, and man should eat it.

CREME AU CHOCOLATE.—Cream with chocolate, or chocolate custard. One pint of milk and two ounces of chocolate, boiled a little. Mix four yolks and two whites of eggs, and mix with the milk. Set the cups in a pan of hot water, and put the pan in the oven. When cooked, take out the pan and set it in a cool place.

CREME AU CAFE.—Cream with coffee—a coffee custard. Beat together two yolks of eggs and two whole eggs in a bowl, with a tablespoonful of sugar. Add one pint of cold milk and a half gill of very strong liquid coffee. Mix it all and pass it through a strainer into cups. Set the cups in a pan of hot water, which comes half way up the sides of the cups, and put the pan in the oven. When baked take out the cups and cool.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 17, 3, 15, 16, is a kind of tree.
My 11, 16, 8, 21, 6, 4, is a kind of bird.
My 20, 18, 25, 15, 21, is a fruit.
My 14, 1, 2, 26, is a part of the human body.
My 23, 11, 16, 27, 24, is an animal.
My 17, 8, 18, 10, 11, is a musical instrument.
My 20, 7, 24, 16, is a beverage.
My 5, 4, 25, 19, is an impression.
My 19, 1, 25, 12, 9, is a garment.
My 13, 21, is a part of speech.
My 22, 3, 25, is a mineral.
My whole is a Chinese Proverb.

Jacksonville. C. C. CAPPS.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 12, 2, 10, is a refreshing beverage.
My 7, 3, 9, is an important organ of the animal system.
My 7, 4, 6, is an attribute of human nature.
My 11, 2, 5, is a fisherman's implement.
My 10, 6, 1, is a forest tree.
My whole has furnished interesting entertainment for the readers of the Post.

BATHENIA.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a girl's name.
My second is a portion of time.
My third was a rebel general.
My fourth is a negation.
My whole is a river in South America.

WM. H. MORROW.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The velocity of a body in a circle is always 4 feet per second when the diameter of the circle is 20 feet. Required—the velocity of a similar body while describing a *Logarithmic* spiral when 10 feet from the starting point.

J. M. GREENWOOD.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man has two square farms, one containing 1,000 acres more than the other. To enclose both with a fence 10 rails high and 2 panels to the rod requires 64,000 rails. How many acres in each? W. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A had a circular meadow, and agreed that B should have the privilege of grazing his three horses at $2 per acre, as follows: Three stakes were to be driven in the ground at equal distances from each other in the circumference, and the horses fastened to them by ropes of equal length, and to be of such length that they might graze over the greatest quantity of ground in the circle without encroaching on each other's premises. After the grazing was over it was found that just one acre of grass remained untouched in the centre of the meadow. Required—the number of acres in the meadow, the number of acres grazed over, and how much money did A receive? E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the plot of the ballet like the air-tight costume in which submarine excursions are made? Ans.—Because it is for a diver-tisment.

☞ Why is the poet Bryant's head like a colored girl's? Ans.—Because it cannot produce any more than-a-Topsy's (Thanatopsis.)

☞ What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question? Ans.—Acquiescence.

☞ What is the shape of a kiss? Ans.—Elliptical (a lip-tickle.)

☞ Why is a new patent mouse-trap a cowardly affair? Ans.—Because it is a puzzle-any-mouse (pusillanimous) contrivance.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." ENIGMA—"One of life's happy hours." RIDDLE—Passiflora, or Passion Flower.

Answer to Delta's PROBLEM of Dec. 15th—71 acres and 131 perches. Daniel Diefenbach.

Answer to D. H. Pingrey's PROBLEM, Dec. 22d—75 95-100 per cent. D. H. Pingrey.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM, same date—The required number is 359. A. Martin.

Answer to Delta's PROBLEM, Dec. 22d—1540 bullets. Daniel Diefenbach.

Answer to Augustus's PROBLEM, Dec. 29th—5 perches. D. Diefenbach. 4.7034 rods. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, same date—30.05 feet. W. H. Morrow.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM, same date—Whole time of stone's descent and sound's ascent, 3.9965468 seconds; the remainder depends on the velocity of sound per second. J. M. Greenwood.

☞ A lively Hibernian exclaimed at a party where Theodore Hook shone the star of the evening: "Och, Master Theodore, but you're the *hook* that nobody can *bate!*"

☞ Entering upon an argument with a metaphysician is like getting into an omnibus—you know where you start from, but it is impossible to tell where it will carry you.

☞ Give strict attention to your own affairs—and consider your wife one of them.